HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIX.—No. 977.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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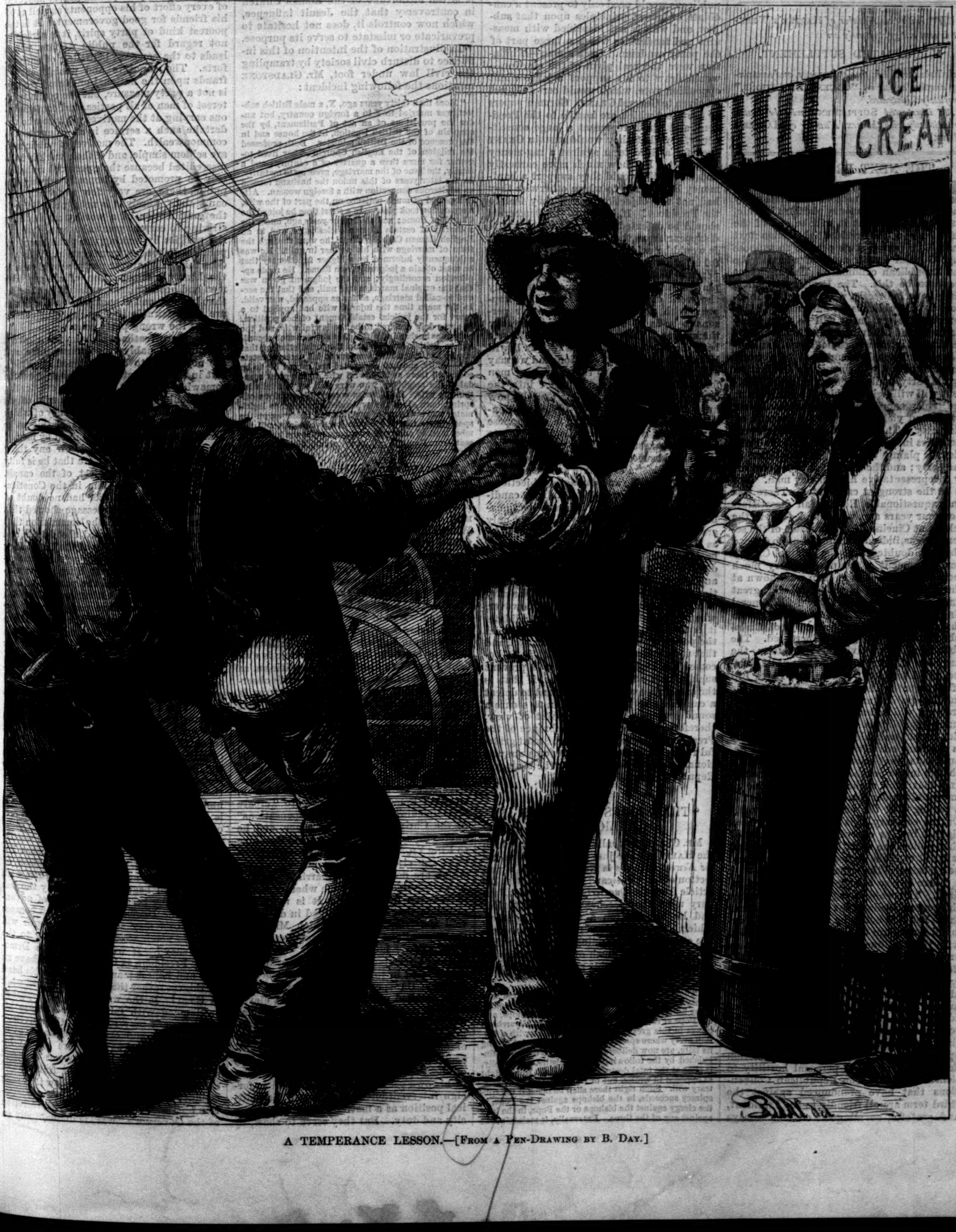

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.—[From a Pen-Drawing by B. Day.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 18, 1875.

A NEW SERIAL STORY.

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from the pen of Henry Jackson, *author of* "Gilbert Rugge," "Argus Fairbairn," "A First Friendship," *etc.*

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THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

The peculiar prominence which has been given to the question of inflation by the Democratic rag-money platform in Ohio, and the feeling that it will be one of the chief issues of the Presidential election next year, have caused some persons to suppose that General Grant must of necessity be the Republican candidate. The argument seems to be this. The Democratic party, directly or indirectly, will declare for inflation, the Republicans for hard money. The conservative sentiment will be thoroughly alarmed; and believing Grant to be the best known and most acceptable Republican candidate, and openly committed to a sound financial policy, will compel his nomination by his party, while, upon his side, the President will willingly consider the situation as the "emergency" spoken of in his third-term letter, and yield to the strong demand of his party. The whole force of this argument lies in two points: one, that the President is plainly the strongest candidate in the party; and the other, that he is peculiarly a representative hard-money man. But is he the strongest candidate? There was an unquestionable Republican dissatisfaction four years ago, which took form in the schism at Cincinnati. The result of the secession was, indeed, ludicrous, but no shrewd observer doubted that the original Cincinnati movement represented a very much more significant dissent than was shown at the polls. As we have before said, great numbers of votes were thrown for General Grant under protest. Since the re-election that dissatisfaction has certainly not diminished, but has very greatly increased. The abandonment of civil service reform, the suspicion of corruption in the public service, the Louisiana question, the Force Bill of last winter, the Arkansas difficulty, the Indian troubles, are illustrations of considerations which have absolutely alienated many Republicans. The evidence of alienation is unmistakable in the elections. There is a strong conviction among the best Republicans that circumstances demand a change in the Southern policy of the party, and that such a change is improbable or impossible under General Grant. It is not a feeling that the policy has been wrong. On the contrary, it is known to have been right. But, as one of the good results of that policy, the situation has changed, and it is felt that the course of the party should be adjusted to the situation.

There is also a wide-spread desire of reform. The word is vague, but it expresses the general feeling that change will be useful. Yet it is not to be expected that a demand for reform or change will be satisfied with the continuance of the Administration under which the demand has arisen. If the Republican Convention should declare loudly for reform, and then renominate the President, the effect would be comical. Renomination would be simply the promise of adherence to the spirit and distinctive recent measures of the Administration. Then the whole opposition to a third term would oppose the renomination. This opposition does not spring from personal hostility to General Grant. The Republican Conventions that have pronounced against the third term are all friendly to the President, and grateful, as all good citizens always will be, for his great services. The question is wholly impersonal. The opposition is based upon the perception that the executive power, through the enormous patronage, is immense, and that a designing man—which General Grant is not—could easily make infinite mischief if he were not restrained by an insurmountable barrier either in a constitutional provision or in a tradition of equal sanction. In the very first days of the government, when there was virtually no patronage whatever, both Washington and Jefferson instinctively felt the peril of a third term. To elect a President for a third term would be to overthrow the wise tradition founded in their perception and example, and to destroy a vital safeguard of the government. Only a very urgent and calamitous extremity would justify it. Yet not only does not such an emergency exist, but scarcely three months ago the President himself said that it was not likely to arise.

If the Democrats should succeed in Ohio, and the Presidential election in consequence should turn upon inflation, the Republicans would need only to present a candidate of honest principles upon that subject, and who is not identified with measures and tendencies which a large part of the party condemn. Such a man—if inflation were the real pivot of the election—would draw to his support a large silent opposition vote, which would certainly not be given to General Grant. German papers at the West which are hostile to the President, and which represent a large constituency, say that they would sustain Grant even for a third term against a rag-money Democrat. But how much more earnestly and efficiently would they support a hard-money Republican to whom otherwise they had not the objection which they feel to the President! If, however, the Democrats should be defeated in Ohio, the rags would disappear from the election of next year. It would be evident that there is no powerful inflation party, as we imagine very many persons begin to suspect. The inflation planks in the party platforms are probably the work of managers who, as often happens with politicians, suppose other persons to be as false and reckless as they are themselves. The question has not hitherto been directly brought to the vote as it will be in Ohio at the next election, and we may at least be grateful to the rag-money men for having brought the monster into the daylight, that we may know exactly how huge and dangerous he is. If the inflationists should be defeated in Ohio, we suppose that nobody would think the President to be the strongest Republican candidate. If they should succeed, the Republicans should certainly select a candidate as free as possible from plausible and damaging objections.

In fine, the strongest Republican candidate must be a man who is least objectionable to the mass of the party. But not only are there Republicans who are known to be as financially sound as the President, but he is identified with every thing that has dissatisfied stanch Republicans in the past, and his renomination would be the destruction of a tradition which has the sanctity of a constitutional provision. If, however, when he is called the strongest candidate, it is meant that his patronage gives him the power of securing his renomination, and that it is useless to contend with it, it becomes the highest public duty to prevent such a result if possible. For, if that is the case, it is even more important to defeat a candidate so nominated than to secure a sound currency. In every point of view, therefore, with perfect remembrance of the President's past services and the most grateful respect for them, he seems to us unquestionably the weakest and not the strongest Republican candidate.

"THE NEWEST FASHIONS IN RELIGION."

Mr. Gladstone calls his new work, which the Harpers have just published, *Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion*. It is a collection of his "Vatican" pamphlets, with his article from the *Quarterly Review* of last January upon the speeches of Pope Pius IX., and he has written a trenchant preface, which shows how important he considers the question. In alluding to the sneer that he is making too much of a subject that is not urgent, and that his zeal is mistaken, he says:

> "The Latin Church has probably a hundred and eighty millions of nominal adherents, a clergy counted by hundreds of thousands, a thousand bishops, and the Pope at their head. Nearly the entire hierarchical power in this great communion, together with a faction every where spread and every where active among its laity, are now deliberately set upon a design distinguished by the following characteristics. Internally, it aims at the total destruction of right. Not of right as opposed to wrong, but of right as opposed to arbitrary will. Such right there shall be none, if the conspiracy succeeds, in the bishops against the Pope, in the clergy against the bishops or the Pope, in the laity against any of the three. Externally, it maintains the right and duty of the spiritualty, thus organized, to override at will, in respect of right and wrong, the entire action of the civil power, and likewise to employ force, as and when it may think fit, for the fulfillment of its purposes."

He does not hesitate to allege that Rome would proceed "to blood" upon the first suitable opportunity; and he quotes as evidence the words of Archbishop, now Cardinal, Manning on the 2d of January, 1874:

> "Now, when the nations of Europe have revolted, and when they have dethroned, as far as men can dethrone, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and when they have made the usurpation of the Holy City a part of international law—when all this has been done, there is only one solution of the difficulty, a solution I fear impending, and that is the terrible scourge of Continental war—a war which will exceed the horrors of any of the wars of the First Empire. I do not see how this can be averted. And it is my firm conviction that, in spite of all obstacles, the Vicar of Jesus Christ will be put again in his own rightful place."

Since the issue of Mr. Gladstone's work Cardinal Manning has attempted an explanation of these words. But, as the *Pall Mall Gazette* says, he fails entirely to answer the charge. Indeed, his words are not susceptible of two interpretations. Moreover, it is the misfortune of the Roman Church in controversy that the Jesuit influence, which now controls it, does not hesitate to prevaricate or misstate to serve its purpose.

In illustration of the intention of this influence to disturb civil society by trampling the civil law under foot, Mr. Gladstone mentions the following incident:

> "More than thirty years ago, X, a male British subject, was married to Y in a foreign country, but under the provisions of an act of Parliament, by the chaplain of the British legation, in the house and in the presence of the British minister. Both professed the religion of the English Church. They lived together for more than a quarter of a century; and a family, the issue of the marriage, grew up to maturity. In the later years of this union the husband formed an adulterous connection with a foreign woman. After a period of much patience on the part of the wife, a separation took place. In a short time he joined the Church of Rome; and about four years ago, under the authority of certain Roman ecclesiastics, and in an English Roman Catholic chapel, he went through the form of marriage with his partner in guilt. He was subsequently informed by a higher functionary that he must obtain a judgment from Rome. He made application accordingly; and the judgment given was that the original marriage was null, and that the second so-called marriage, so far as appeared, was valid. In the mean time the injured wife had applied to a court for the judicial establishment of her position. She was duly declared to be the lawful wife, and the bigamous husband admitted that she was such according to British law. Within the jurisdiction of that law he had taken his paramour to his paternal estate in ——shire, and had designated and caused her to be addressed there as his lawful wife, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who were well acquainted with the true wife. He likewise entered his spurious offspring, born since the pretended marriage, as legitimate; and a witness of position and character on the spot asserts that the woman received visits, and the most marked and open countenance, at the husband's seat, from Roman Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity."

Mr. Gladstone challenges Cardinal Manning to deny his allegation; and as the cardinal has replied to another charge in the same preface and has left this unnoticed, it may be assumed that he can not deny it. When this question was raised in this country by a case in Boston last spring, where the priest undertook to denounce a legal marriage as concubinage, it was said that the law of the Church was different according as the decrees of the Council of Trent upon the subject had been or had not been extended. But in the last number of the *Contemporary Review*, Canon Todd, a Roman clergyman in England, discusses the Roman Catholic marriage laws. His article is evidently meant to dispose of such criticism as that of Mr. Gladstone. But a little observation of it shows that Mr. Gladstone is correct. For while Canon Todd says that his Church holds that the marriages of Protestants by their own clergymen are true and "sacramental" marriages, and that the parties themselves are the ministers of the sacrament, the presence of the priest being only necessary to give publicity to the marriage, yet he also says that the Church, meaning Rome, has the power to "create impediments" and "to grant dispensations" in the Christian law of marriage, and he quotes a passage from a letter of the Pope to King Victor Emanuel, in which he says, "Let the civil authorities arrange effects which are derived from marriage, leaving to the Church to determine when it is valid between Christians." It is upon this principle that the Pope acted in declaring void the legal marriage which Mr. Gladstone mentions, and it is a complete justification of the latter's position.

The Vatican pamphlets have been already republished in this country. But the article upon the speeches of the Pope is new. It is founded upon two volumes of eleven hundred pages, containing two hundred and ninety speeches, addressed, between October, 1870, and September, 1873, to all kinds of committees and deputations and audiences. Their burden is a wail over the loss of the Pope's temporal power, a laudation of his own greatness, and an appeal to foreign intervention to restore him his political position as a matter of religious necessity and duty. But they serve to show, by the unbridled vehemence of their denunciation and appeal, the perfect liberty which he actually enjoys and the forbearance of the Italian Government. Remembering, as we read, the horrible persecutions and tortures to which the Papal Government subjected its political enemies, and seeing how the Italian authorities permit, in their very capital, this papal political hostility and ardent incitement to revolt and invasion, we can not but feel a renewed satisfaction in the fall of the cruel papal despotism of the last generation, and in the real power of a free representative government.

REFORM AND GOVERNOR TILDEN.

While every intelligent American who would make his opinion effective in public affairs acts with a party, although it be only for a protest, it is for the purpose of promoting a certain policy or to secure honest and economical administration. In other words, he is a party man not for the sake of the party, but of the country; and he shows it by his prompt and hearty approval of every effort of his opponents as well as of his friends for good government. It is the poorest kind of party spirit, it is certainly not regard for the public welfare, which leads to the constant belittling of such efforts. The exposure and punishment of frauds upon the national or State Treasury is not a party measure, but the common interest of men of all parties, and contemptuous carping at the motives of those who undertake such a service is an injury to the commonwealth. The motives of public men are seldom simple, and if their work is to be discredited because their personal ambition may be promoted by honestly serving the public, there are very few statesmen who can stand. Surely it is not ignoble to seek the gratification of a worthy ambition by striving to correct great abuses, and to purify politics by making the punishment of political dishonesty more certain. Whoever does this, of whatever party, should receive the hearty commendation of all generous men and good citizens, unless it be thought that honesty and economy in public affairs are not desirable if they are obtained by men of the wrong party color.

These are truths which in the abstract are unquestionably very commonplace, and are not likely to be questioned or denied. But in the application the case seems to be somewhat different. If they are truths, why should not Governor Tilden's efforts to recover for the State the money of which it has been defrauded by canal thieves be heartily approved and sustained by men of all parties? Those who know any thing of him personally are aware that he is fully informed upon the subject of the canals. Those who sat with him in the Constitutional Convention of 1867 had no doubt of that fact. His canal message showed that he was no tyro. And the commission that he appointed has exposed the details and methods of the rascality of the Canal Ring as clearly and conclusively as the *Times* exposed those of the Tweed Ring. Last winter the Governor urged the passage of laws which would secure restitution of the stolen money. The laws were passed, and under the Governor's auspices the frauds have been laid bare. Suits have been begun against the robbers, and their property has been attached. And now, if the Court of Appeals does not reverse the probable decision of the lower courts, the State will come by its own again. This is certainly a most admirable work. It is turning the opportunity and the authority of high official position to the best public account. It tends to renew the flagging faith of the country in political integrity, and checks the growing fear that we are hopelessly lost in corruption. It is, indeed, no more than every public officer ought to do; but, under the circumstances and at this time, it is a service meriting the most grateful recognition.

Is it any the less a service or less worthy of commendation and support because Mr. Tilden did not begin his prosecution of Tweed as soon as we and many others wish that he had begun it? Is it any the less praiseworthy because it may be of advantage to the Democratic party, and because Mr. Tilden may see that his course will help his nomination by that party to the Presidency? If we must have a Democratic President, is it not better to have an able and honest man who will lay his hand on thieves rather than a man who will wink at them? Is the work to be pooh-poohed or damned with faint praise because his party organs may represent the Governor as the great and original reformer, as if none had been known before him? Indeed, is it not a public duty not to speak slightingly of his efforts, but frankly and candidly to sustain him and show that such conduct shall not fail of its just appreciation? The real reason of the depreciation of the Governor's "war" is undoubtedly an apprehension upon the part of some Republicans that applause of a Democratic Governor upon any grounds would teach people to look too favorably upon his party. This view, and it is a very common one, implies that political contests are to be carried on by constant abuse and suspicion of opponents. It asks why we should expect people to vote against a party some of whose members we admit to be honest and even patriotic. But a party whose existence depends upon the stout and steady assertion that its opponents are knaves or fools or impostors is a very contemptible party. If Republican success depended upon such a policy, no decent man would be found working very hard for it. No wonder that there is a general feeling that to engage in politics is to touch pitch, if this is supposed to be the condition of political activity.

The hold of the Republican party upon this country for fifteen years has been due not to the conviction that all Democrats are rascals, but that those who are most truly in sympathy with the principles and objects of a popular system of government are politically associated under that party name. When the great measures and policy of a party can not be maintained and justified to the public mind by intelligent argument, and the only resource left is to ridicule the action and impugn the motives of opponents, the end is near. That Governor Tilden is vigorously seeking to punish canal corruption does not affect the fact that the tendency of his party is to inflation of the currency, to a dangerous exaggeration of State sovereignty, to injustice toward the negro, and to a perilous sympathy with the spirit and doctrines of the late rebellion. It does not change the fact that the Roman assault upon the public-school system is always made with the assistance of his party; that his party is strongest in the most ignorant quarters of great towns and cities, and least powerful in the most intelligent and industrious parts of the country, and that it comprises the great mass of those who for any reason are least friendly to the Union and the government. That Governor Tilden is honestly engaged in canal reform is not a very conclusive reason for putting the government in the hands of such a party; but to sneer at the correction of a flagrant public abuse is simply to imitate the stupidity of the Democratic papers when the movement against Tweed began.

POLITICAL METHODS.

The Springfield *Republican* having suggested Mr. Charles Francis Adams as the "Centennial" Governor of Massachusetts, a correspondent writes to know why the people of the State, who would gladly see him their Chief Magistrate, should not elect him in spite of parties and party managers, as the people of Professor Seelye's district elected him to Congress last year in defiance of the same managers. It is a question which probably occurs to many persons under similar circumstances. This is a popular government. A man is noted for his high character and ability and his fitness for the public service. Why should not his fellow-citizens, who know him thoroughly and desire his election, proceed to elect him? In the case proposed, Mr. Adams is a representative of the best public sentiment of his State. He has been trained to public affairs, and although not a strict party man, he is and always has been in full sympathy with the convictions and policy that have renewed the Union. He is a man of unbending integrity, of the most absolute independence, and of the truest patriotism, and is in many ways the type of the kind of character which the most intelligent public opinion would gladly see restored to our political life. Why, then, it is asked, should not he who is conspicuously fitted for the Presidency be elected by acclamation Governor of Massachusetts?

The answer to this question is instructive. Those who ask it are impatient of parties and party management. They denounce politicians and political "workers." They think that popular government can be carried on without labor and organization; and that it is only necessary that all good men should vote for a good candidate. Professor Seelye, we are told, was elected in that manner. The truth is, however, that even his election was not in this sense spontaneous. Certain persons thought him a suitable man for the position. They conferred with others in other towns. They held a council or consultation at a central point. They agreed to work for his election. A few persons in every community of the district charged themselves with the duty. They did what all men do under similar circumstances, and at last they took care that ballots were printed and accessible, and Mr. Seelye was elected. But this is only to say that a Seelye party was formed and organized, worked, spent money, and elected its man. And if a few men in every town in Massachusetts who wish the election of Mr. Adams as sincerely as the supporters of Mr. Seelye wished his election, had begun in time to work and organize, and to give care and money early and late, they might have elected Mr. Adams. But to accomplish such a result, the friends of any man must become a party, and do as other parties do. If they are not willing to become a party, they can not elect him.

It is not, therefore, by independence of parties, but by party organization, that political results are to be achieved in this country, whether they are the election of certain candidates or the adoption of certain measures. To denounce party in the abstract is merely to condemn organized action; while if existing parties seem to a man unworthy and corrupt, to refuse to aid in forming a new one is to declare that his purposes do not seem to him worth working for. The "independence" which merely sneers at all parties shows only a feeble conceit of superiority, an actual skepticism, or a profound indifference to the public welfare. Those who think "both parties equally corrupt," so that they can not vote with either, if they would make their protest efficient, must organize it. If they fail to do that, they show that those who claim to be good citizens are not as much in earnest as those whom they denounce.

TWEED LAW.

In commenting upon the release of Tweed by the Court of Appeals of New York at the time of its decision, we said that there were sound lawyers who were of opinion that the ruling of the court in regard to the scope of the writ of *habeas corpus* had opened the door to very grave abuses. Many weeks had not passed before this was proved. Judge Westbrook held that the judgment of one court could be reviewed on the writ by another. If he is correct, the Court of Appeals has decided that an inferior judge may empty a prison upon the ground that he finds the power of the courts to sentence the prisoners to be defective. Some time since a murderous assault was made upon the Deputy-Comptroller of the City of New York by a man named Duffy. Duffy's counsel moved, upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, that he be discharged because of irregular conviction. But Judge Daniells, without the fear of the Court of Appeals before his eyes, decided that a writ of error is the proper remedy for such doubts. The decision of the higher court, however, remains, and it is that the regularity of the judgment can be reviewed upon the writ. Judge Daniells, with polite contempt and subtle sarcasm, says that the decision must, of course, be held to be law in the Tweed case—as if the Court of Appeals made a specially lenient law for that malefactor—but that it is impossible to suppose that it meant that all judgments could be reviewed in the same way. Of course, however, it did mean just that, and, as the *Evening Post* says, the judge has overruled a judgment of the tribunal of last resort.

It is folly to say that this is a subject which may not properly be discussed by the press. The consequences of such a rule as that of the Court of Appeals are intelligible to every sensible man, and are not revealed exclusively to a mysterious technical training. If the regularity of the judgments of one court may be reviewed by another upon the writ of *habeas corpus*, shysters and scoundrels have only to take care that venal judges are elected. It is another excellent illustration of the value of an elective judiciary. The decision of the court will thus not only have released Tweed, but it will facilitate the escape of all rascals, and have made a wrong system of filling the bench appear still more pernicious.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Nobody in this part of the country probably wishes to hear Jefferson Davis's opinions upon any subject whatever. He is not asked to speak because he is an eloquent man, nor because of his popularity, nor of the general love and respect for him as a public character, nor on account of his intellectual ability or special authority, but simply because he was the representative rebel in the rebellion. The object is to gratify a morbid curiosity and put money in the purses of speculators, or to make some kind of political capital. But to see any political significance in his coming is absurd. Any man, however famous as a rebel, may come and go through these States at his pleasure. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says that Mr. Lamar was treated like a dog in New Hampshire last spring. Is that the reason he has gone to Minnesota this summer? Nothing could be more absurdly untrue. And if Davis went into New England or to the West, he would be as personally unharmed as Aaron Burr was forty years ago in the city of Alexander Hamilton. His presence here would neither help nor hinder what is called "good feeling." He certainly has done nothing which deserves recognition or gratitude, and it is not necessary to have him stand upon a Northern platform in order to show that there is no vindictive feeling toward the Southern States.

His old confederates in that part of the country can see in this proposition to honor him only another illustration of that meanness of spirit which they have always attributed to large numbers of people at "the North." It is the thing of which doughfaces were made in other days. We believe that honorable men in the Southern States who honestly supported the rebellion will justly despise the want of a true self-respect that prompts these overtures for the gratification of a miserable curiosity, which makes itself more contemptible by affecting to have a patriotic purpose.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Sankey was very heartily received by his old friends and neighbors at Newcastle, Delaware. "Ira" was always a people's man. His whole life up to his maturity and marriage had been spent in Newcastle and vicinity. He is a robust man, nearly six feet high, and of good 200 pounds avoirdupois, a model of health after his two years' hard work abroad. Mr. Sankey is the same jovial, unassuming Christian gentleman that he was before his wonderful achievements in the Gospel. Always, from boyhood, an enthusiastic lover of music, a Sunday-school worker, and a sincere man, performing more than he professed, he wielded a gracious influence among all who knew him. He owns a neat little two-story white frame cottage on the west side of Newcastle, now the residence of his father, David Sankey, Esq. In the fall he expects to resume work with Mr. Moody. Mrs. Sankey is a worthy wife of the singing itinerant, quiet, modest, plainly appareled, devoted to her children, and a helpmeet to her husband.

—Few persons can have seen much of Lord Shaftesbury without being struck by the charm of his manner and the readiness of his wit. To the stranger he exhibits not a little of the *hauteur* of his order, and that his pride of lineage is considerable can not be doubted. He has about him the *cachet* of patrician nobility; his features are fine, his presence is noble, his whole bearing eminently aristocratic. His sense of humor is as keen as it was in those days when the Duke of Wellington admired him so much for the combination of sense of fun and of duty which he exhibited that he made him one of his intimates. Perhaps he seems less often at his ease than formerly; but when he is so his anecdotes are as bright and pleasant as ever, while experience has enriched them with reminiscences of great men and great deeds.

—Mr. Gottlieb F. Burkhardt, a benevolent gentleman of Boston, purchased the once famous Brook Farm a few years ago, and has since added some adjoining property. He has now given the whole to the German Lutheran Church, to be used partly as an orphans' home and partly as a cemetery.

—While General Sherman was recently in Omaha a lieutenant of the Second Iowa Infantry introduced himself to the general as one of his old soldiers. "Oh, oh! General Curtis's old regiment. I'm glad to meet you," said the general, heartily. "Then you were with us in Georgia, where the soldiers starved upon a 'turkey apiece a day,' as one of my old command, whom I met on the rear platform of a railway car in Ohio recently, expressed it."

—Mr. Gladstone is not only a finished scholar, a man who can judge critically of the Earl of Derby's translation of Homer, and who is the author of *Juventus Mundi*, but he is a musician, a singer. The late British Premier can sit down to the piano-forte and delight his hearers with songs which more than rival the warblings of many a mere curled darling of fashionable society, or, at least, it is not long since he could and did so. The Duke of Argyle's *Reign of Law* is one of the most impressive and interesting books of popular science that our day, prolific of books of that class, has seen. And the British Parliament is full of men who, if they are not authors or professional men of science, do not lack the acquirements or the abilities necessary to make them so. Indeed, Mr. Bright seems to be almost the only one of the eminent men in that body who to his ability as a statesman and an orator does not add this variety of gifts and this fruit of thorough training.

—A *Tribune* correspondent, writing from Virginia City, says he has seen there three men, each worth not less than twenty millions of dollars, going about quietly among the men in the common garb of the laborer, with nothing to distinguish them from the ordinary mine hand—no diamond studs, no big rings, no flashy watch-chains, no broadcloth. One of these gentlemen has spent years in foreign travel, and has mingled in polite society in other countries; another, who spends most of his time in San Francisco, rules the market there, and is to that coast what Commodore Vanderbilt is to New York; the third is accustomed to direct hundreds of men and employ millions of capital. Yet these three men, when seen about their mines, would be taken for foremen or overseers.

—Of the late Governor John B. Weller, of California, the following is related: He was once unfortunate enough to be shipwrecked. Arriving at San Francisco, he was asked by a sympathizing friend if he had lost much. "Lost every thing, Sir," said Weller—"every thing but reputation." "Governor," said the friend, "you travel with less baggage than any one I ever saw."

—Prince Gortschakoff, now in his seventy-fifth year, has for nineteen years past filled the office of Vice-Chancellor in the Department of Foreign Affairs. He succeeded Count Nesselrode, but is much more popular than he. The latter was of German lineage, while Prince Gortschakoff has none but pure Russian blood in his veins. He belongs to another school of politics than his friend Bismarck. Instead of the rough, off-hand manner of the Prussian Chancellor, he has a winning air of mingled dignity and gentleness, the charm of polished wit, and great elegance of address. In business, as well as out of it, he is a gentleman; as a diplomatist he is of the Talleyrand and Metternich school, always serene and self-possessed, and too well-bred to be arrogant or rude.

—Professor W. Stanley Jevons, in a treatise on scientific method, asserts that "if the whole population of the world—say, twelve hundred thousand millions of persons—were to deal cards day and night for a hundred millions of years, they would not have exhausted the one-hundred-thousandth part of the possible deals of a pack of cards."

—The Hon. Oliver Ames has built a fine stone church and given it to the religious society at North Easton, Massachusetts, with which the Ames families are connected. It contains a memorial window to the late Oakes Ames.

—Speaking of William Dwight Whitney, of Yale College, the London *Examiner* says: "As a comparative philologist Professor Whitney has many peers and some superiors; in the general application of the results of comparative philology to the solution of such problems as have been just enumerated he is as yet unequaled."

—M. Ferdinand de Lesseps has just presented the Academy of Science with several samples of black and white grapes imported from an oasis which is situated in the neighborhood of the Suez Canal. Strange to say, the vines of that locality yield grapes all the year round. The bunches are very weighty and the fruit translucent.

—It is said by one of the shrewdest and most experienced of newspaper correspondents that Mr. A. T. Stewart has made more money this season than was ever made by one establishment at an American watering-place. He will expend $300,000 on the Grand Hotel before its re-opening next year. It costs something to officer the hotel. The head cook, a giant in size, receives $2500 for the season, or at the rate of $1000 a month, yet it is not considered a large salary. He has thirty-two cooks and assistants under him, and is responsible only to the steward, who is autocrat over 212 waiters, fifty laundry women, thirty-two cooks and assistants, and a constabulary of store-keepers, contractors for supplies, and runners.

—Names do mean something, after all. Here is Mr. W. T. Coggeshall, of Columbus, Ohio, who, wishing to impart a certain patriotic status to his daughter, called her Proclamation Emancipation Coggeshall, and this was owing to the circumstance that she was born on the day President Lincoln issued his proclamation. For brevity's sake she is addressed as Miss Prockie E. Coggeshall.

—The patricians of the Old World look pleasantly upon the maidens of the New. The Duke of Montrose, aged twenty-three, has beheld and fallen in love with Miss Stevens, daughter of the late Paran Stevens, of this city. He is not a rich duke, but he is a good duke, as dukes go, and if the pending scrutiny into the Stevens estate proves satisfactory, the nuptial arrangements will soon follow.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The California State election was held on the 2d inst., resulting in a general Democratic victory, from Governor down. The Republicans elected only one out of four Congressmen.

On the night of the 1st inst. a heavily loaded train on the Wallkill Valley Railroad, returning from the National Camp-Meeting at Wesley Grove, near Goshen, broke through a rotten bridge near Shawangunk Station, and rolled down an embankment twenty feet high. Twenty-five persons were injured, some of them seriously.

General Gershom Mott, of Bordentown, has been appointed as State Treasurer of New Jersey, in place of Josephus Sooy, Jun., who resigned under pressure.

The public debt of the United States was decreased $1,585,049 26 during the month of August.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Since the article on another page was written, further advices have come from the Turkish provinces. A telegram to the London *Times* from Therapia, a suburb of Constantinople, in which the foreign ministers reside, says the Turks in Herzegovina have gained a victory. Ten thousand insurgents have been driven across the frontier into Dalmatia, where they have been disarmed by the Austrians. Neversigne, the focus of the insurrection, has been destroyed. Another dispatch from the same source states that Server Pasha has been instructed to issue a proclamation on his arrival at Mostar giving assurances that henceforward no vexatious, illegal acts will be permitted in the name of the government. He has also been directed to dismiss and punish officials guilty of oppressing the people; to institute a special tribunal, which shall examine and satisfy the demands of those who have been objects of arbitrary treatment; to recall any persons exiled without just cause, and expel agitators. He is authorized to employ all necessary means to execute these instructions. The Porte, while determined to repress the insurrection at all costs, intends to eradicate the abuses likely to lead to its repetition.

Two English iron-clads of 6034 tons each, the *Iron Duke* and *Vanguard*, came into collision in the British Channel on the 2d inst. The latter vessel was sunk, but no lives were lost.

The Carlist prisoners captured at Seo de Urgel at last advices were on their way to Barcelona under heavy guards. The bishop, who is among the number, will be imprisoned in a fortress at Alicante till the government decides his case.

The declarations of the Chinese authorities respecting the Formosa savages now prove to be empty threats. The troops refuse to follow the aborigines into the heart of the island, and have revolted by regiments. The savages remain masters of the situation, and the Chinese military operations have been suspended.

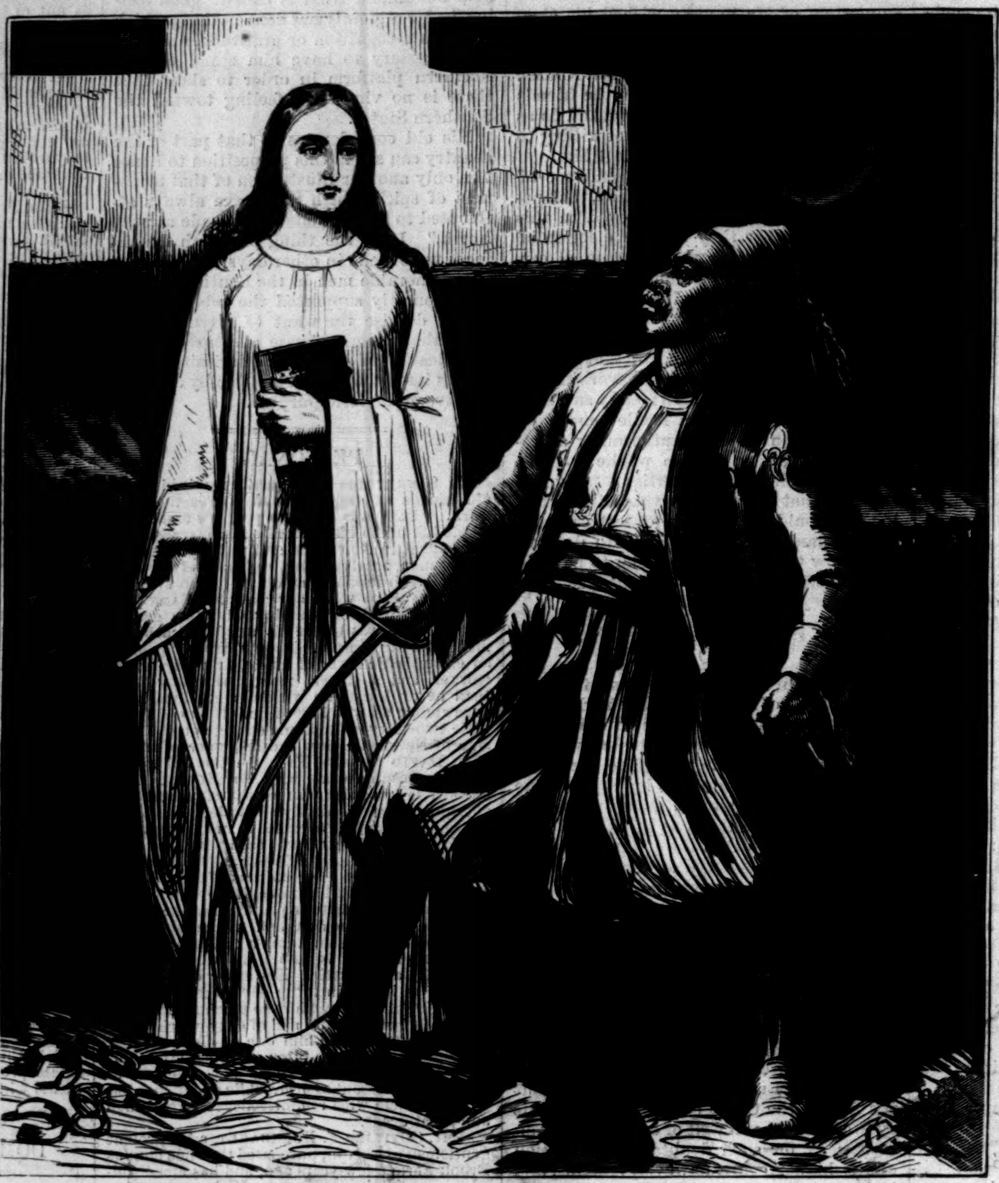
A private letter from Egypt reports great confusion and excitement there in consequence of military preparations. Troops are being dispatched to the Abyssinian frontier. At the same time the Khedive expects a call from the Porte for aid in suppressing the Herzegovinian rebellion. All officers on furlough, and among them Colonel Long, have been recalled.

Late advices from the British polar expedition have been received from West Greenland. The *Alert* and *Discovery* had arrived at Disco after a pleasant passage from England. Both sailed from Rittenbenk on July 17 for Upernavik. All on board were well. Preparations had been made for pushing on as far north as possible in the *Alert*, and for sledge expeditions beyond to the pole.

It is officially reported that the Carlist General Dorregaray, while endeavoring to force a passage into Aragon, has been twice defeated, with a loss of about 400 men.

The strike in Dundee has ended. The mills re-opened on the 3d inst., the operatives having consented to work at a reduction of five per cent. from their former wages.

THE INSURRECTION IN HERZEGOVINA.



CHRISTIAN. "THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO, BUT NO FARTHER."

EVERY body who reads the newspapers knows that there is a popular outbreak in Herzegovina against the cruel Turks, but precisely where that may be, or what it is all about, is known to comparatively few. If the reader will consult the map on this page, he will find in the upper left-hand corner, just south of the river Save, the vilayet of Bosnia, in the southwestern part of which is the province of Herzegovina. Montenegro lies on the south, and Turkish Croatia on the northwest, while on the west and southwest, separating it from the Adriatic, is the narrow strip forming the lower extremity of Dalmatia. To the east, beyond Bosnia, lies Servia. These are the chief points of interest. With the exception of Dalmatia, which belongs to Austria, all these provinces are more or less dependencies of Turkey.

Herzegovina in itself does not count for much. It is a small bit of territory, with not over 300,000 inhabitants. Most of these are Christians, 180,000 of them belonging to the Greek Church and 48,000 to the Roman Catholic. The Christians, therefore, outnumber the Turks by three to one. The same or even a larger proportion holds good in favor of the Christians throughout the entire Turkish empire in Europe. According to the *Statesman's Year-Book* for 1875, the total population is 13,000,000, of which only 4,050,000, or four out of thirteen, are Mussulmans. To keep down so large a number of discontented subjects is no easy matter, and the government of the Sultan has resorted to the most barbarous measures to sustain its authority. Moslem bigotry and hate have enforced offensive laws with harsh disdain of justice, and many of the persecuted Christians have been driven from their native land to seek refuge and safety on foreign soil. Thousands of these fugitives have fled to the Austrian provinces of Croatia and Sclavonia, where they found sympathy and protection. Within the past few weeks many have returned to avenge their wrongs.

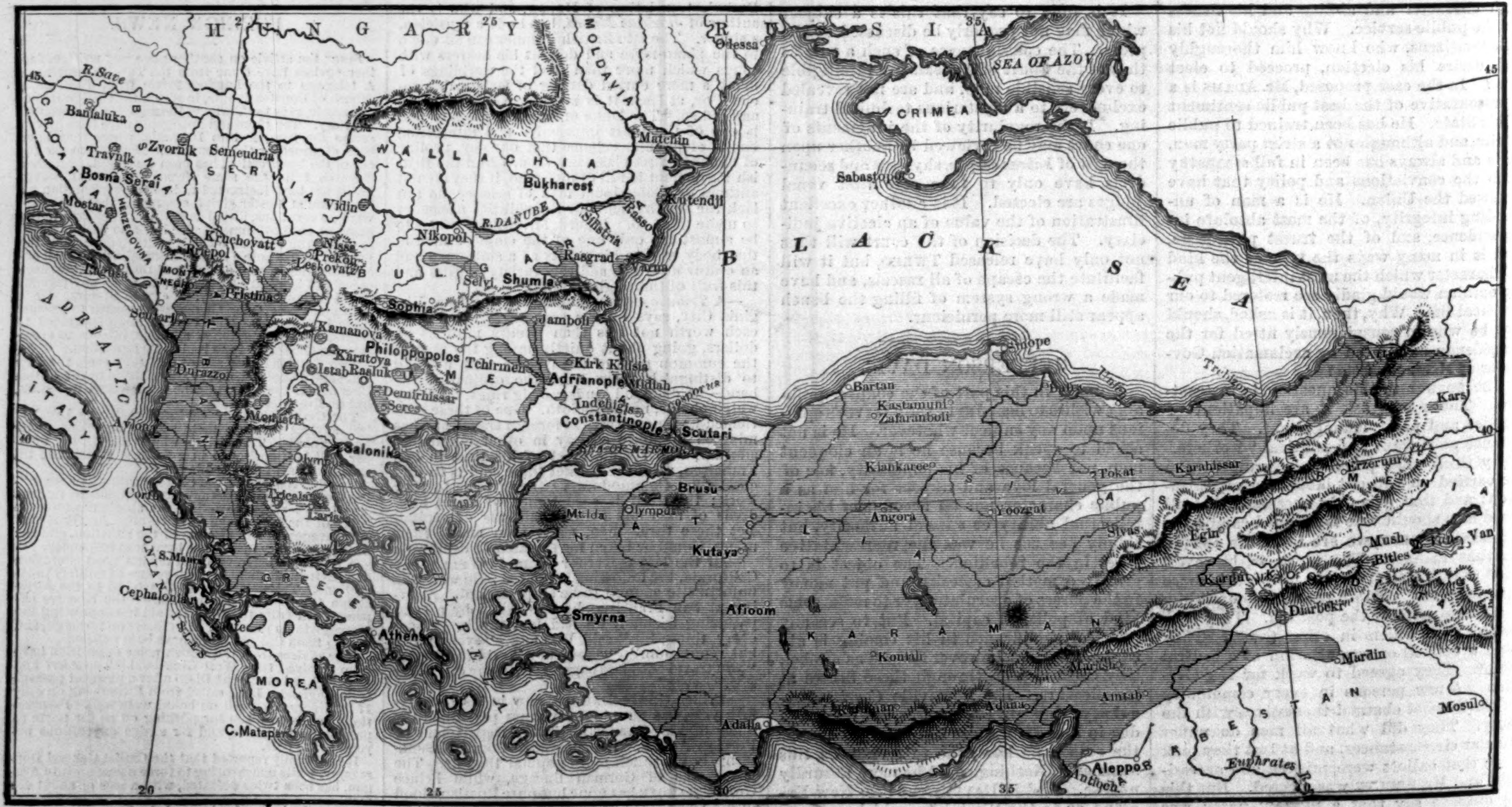
The present revolt had its origin in resistance by the people to the exactions of the Turkish tax-gatherers. In June or July of each year these officers start out with bodies of troops and retainers at their backs, and scour the provinces, levying upon each farmer an arbitrary tax, and enforcing payment on the spot. When the cultivator is either unable or unwilling to comply with the demand, he is tied to a post and beaten until he finds some way of satisfying the cupidity of the officers. Should he still hold out in spite of all efforts to intimidate him, his harvest is cut down and carted away, or his cattle are driven off. During the recent terrible famine in Asia Minor these heartless men actually took the last measure of corn out of the houses of the starving people.

It appears that the crops this year have been unusually bad, and the people have been much impoverished in consequence. The imposts on the suffering Herzegovinians were high, much more than they could meet. To part with their scanty hoard of food—and they had no other means of paying tribute—would have exposed them to certain starvation, and they refused to do so. The barbarous revenue officers proceeded to take by force their means of subsistence. The revolt followed, the tax-collectors were driven away, and the question of religion and race seems at present to have taken the place of complaints against oppressive exactions.

Mr. REINHART's admirable cartoon on this page fairly represents the situation. Christian, unable longer to bear the cruelty of her oppressor, rises in her majesty, and breaking the shackles that bound her, stands ready to measure swords with the Turk. The little spark first lighted in Herzegovina was quickly fanned to a flame, which spread until each neighboring province was embraced in the conflagration that now threatens the destruction of the empire. The steady growth of the rebellion may be inferred from the following passage in the Montenegrin official journal, the *Glas Cernagoza:* "The insurrection is fast assuming formidable dimensions. Symptoms of serious designs multiply. Men are yearning for war, and oily-tongued diplomacy is impotent to prevent them. This time insurrection is sure to result in emancipation. Not the rulers, but the nations, will decide what is to be done. If the rebellion become general, Servia and Montenegro will not be idle spectators. Now or never."

The leader of the insurgents is named MICHAEL LYNBOBRATICH (literally, "Love your brother"), who was secretary to LUKE VUKALOVITCH, who led the last rebellion in Herzegovina, in 1861. He is very popular, and is said to possess all the qualifications of a successful general.

War is carried on under far greater difficulties in Herzegovina than in any other country in Europe. Although the mountains both of Bosnia and of Herzegovina are spurs of the Dinarian Alps, yet their character in the two provinces is essentially different. The mountains in Bosnia are formed in ridges, those in Herzegovina in hollows, or in "Karst" form. A peculiarity of these Karst Mountains—which once formed the bed of the sea, and are composed of the shells of marine animals—is the extreme steepness of all their declivities, and the want of wood and water. The rivers, by their powerful abrasion, have worn for themselves deep beds in the rocks, having perpendicular banks of immense height, sometimes more than 3000 feet, while many rivers disappear suddenly in the abysses at the foot of the mountains. Most plateaus are watered exclusively by such gully rivers. The brooks and many small rivers dry up so entirely in summer that not a drop of water is to be seen. The consequence is that large bodies of troops can be assembled only at certain points, and those often strategetically unfavorable; that the direction and extent of their marches must depend entirely on those places where man and beast can find water. The latter is transported on pack-horses, in leather bags, and in time of war a bloody conflict takes place at every spring. To this is added the want of roads. The so-called bridle-paths are indescribably toilsome; down hill the rider must always dismount and lead his horse, for the descents are almost perpendicular. They do not follow the winding of the hill bases, but take the shortest way between the two places. In the Karst Mountains are often found round holes three to six inches deep, which are formed by each horse planting his foot in the deep dent of his predecessor's hoof, in order to find a firm footing in the smooth stone. The way-side cisterns are probably dry at present.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Tchirmen
Kirk Kilisia
Adrianople
Midiah
Durazzo
ROUMELIA
Demirhissar
Seres
Indehilissa
Constantinople
Scutari
Bosporus
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Sinope
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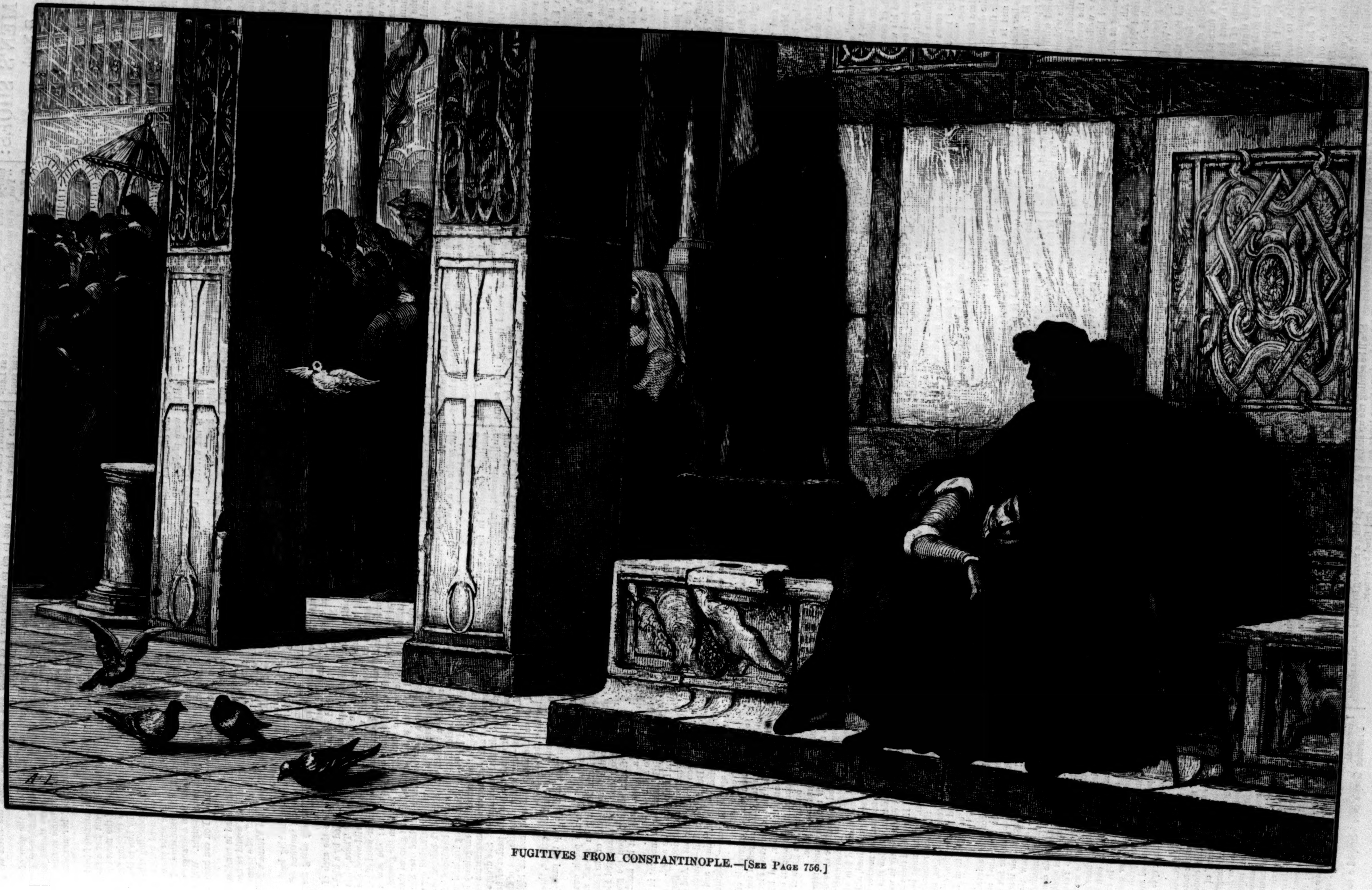
MAP OF TURKEY IN EUROPE AND ASIA MINOR.—[CHRISTIAN DISTRICTS WHITE, MUSSULMAN SHADED.]



FUGITIVES FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.—[See Page 756.]

(Continued from Supplement to No. 976, page 752.)
[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

SIBYL TAKES THE LEAD.

THE favorable impression which Sibyl makes on her uncle Stephen Trenchard is a fact too obvious for diversity of opinion.

Marion reluctantly, sullenly even, admits that truth, with many sneers and innuendoes about winning manners and hollow-heartedness.

"I have never laid myself out to please Uncle Stephen as Sibyl does," murmurs the injured maiden. "I can't flatter people with my looks. I haven't Sibyl's caressing ways. I can't pretend more affection than I feel, and I must say that Uncle Stephen's dry little jerky ways of speaking and looking at one are not calculated to develop affection."

Thus argues Marion in the easy atmosphere of Uncle Robert's every-day parlor. The girls are seated at supper with Dr. Faunthorpe, trifling with morsels of bread and cheese, after having dined with Mr. Trenchard.

"I did not find him hard or dry," replies Sibyl. "He seems really kind and affectionate, and I was grateful to him for his warm welcome. I don't know what you mean by my laying myself out to please him. I remembered that he was poor mamma's only brother, and our flesh and blood, the uncle I had heard so much about years ago, and I was naturally touched by our meeting."

"Ah," says Marion, "what an advantage it is for a woman to be able to cry when she likes! How do you manage it, Sib?"

"If the tears came into my eyes to-day, it was because I am not very strong just now, Marion," answers Sibyl, reddening. "You are really the most horrid girl I ever met with."

"However horrid I am, I'm not double-faced," replies the other, promptly. "I should be ashamed to court Uncle Trenchard if I were you, when I remember the things you've said about him."

"What things?"

"What a convenient memory yours is! Haven't you said that you despised him for his meanness as a young man, that he won his way in the world by double-dealing—by base flattery of his patron—that all your sympathy was with the young man he supplanted—Mr. Secretan?"

At that name Sibyl flushes crimson, and then grows ashy pale.

"Ah, I see you do remember," cries Marion, triumphantly.

"Marion," exclaims the mild little surgeon, with a rare flash of anger, "I will not have your sister teased in this manner. How dare you accuse her of falsehood or hypocrisy! She has as good a right to Stephen Trenchard's favor as you have."

"Yes, and to his fortune. Let her have it all," cries Marion, tempted to go into hysterics, but thinking better of it immediately. "She is to go and stay with him, and keep house for him, directly she can get her things ready, which, considering she came home without a rag, must take some time. She is to pay him a long visit. I'm nobody now."

"My love, you have had your innings," pleads the pacific doctor.

"Oh, of course; and just as I have got to understand his ways and know how to please him I am pushed aside."

"My dear, his sense of justice will induce him to distribute his bounty fairly."

"His sense of justice did not prevent his kissing Sibyl more affectionately than he has ever kissed me."

"Mere fancy on your part, I have no doubt," says the doctor.

After this little burst of temper Marion calms down and is tolerably placable. She even discusses her sister's outfit with some show of interest. Mr. Trenchard has given Sibyl five-and-twenty pounds. "I suppose you are pretty well provided with cash, little one," he said, just before she wished him good-night; "an independent-minded young woman like you who goes out into the world to get her own living is sure to have a well-lined purse."

Sibyl blushed, and owned that her purse had no lining at all.

"Ah, I see; sent help home to the old doctor," muttered Mr. Trenchard, fortunately not loud enough for Marion to hear, or that sharp-tongued young person would inevitably have set him right. "Well, well; very right, very proper."

And then the crimson pocket-book was slowly brought forth, and Mr. Trenchard sighed a desponding sigh as he opened it, a sigh that was like a funeral gun for his departed bank-notes. Sibyl went back to the dingy old house at the bottom of the town richer by five-and-twenty pounds than when she left it at mid-day.

The girls go out gayly enough next morning to Carmichael's, *the* haberdashery, linen drapery, and silk mercery establishment of Redcastle, to supply the void in Sibyl's wardrobe. Five-and-twenty pounds is not much for a young lady of large ideas, but Sibyl, schooled in the philosophy of small means, makes the most of that sum. She spends all her money at Carmichael's, and trusts to Providence and Stephen Trenchard for means to pay Miss Eylett for the making up of her dresses, and Mr. Korksoll, the boot-maker, for the equipment of her pretty little feet. It is astonishing how far away from the thoughts of Miss Eylett and Mr. Korksoll seems the notion of payment now that Miss Faunthorpe's rich uncle has returned from the Indies. "You are to send the things home to me at Lancaster Lodge," says Sibyl, and that seems as good as paying for them.

Sibyl has asked for a week in which to prepare herself for this important visit, and that week is occupied in the stitching, hemming, sewing, felling, gathering, and trimming of under-clothing—the fashion of ready-made linen not having yet vitiated the housewifely habits of Redcastle. The lower middle classes make their own garments, laboriously, and are proud of their toil; the upper classes employ school-children, reduced widows, or virtuous orphans for the labor, and contrive thereby to exercise a good deal of patronage at a very small expenditure.

Sibyl revives considerably during this week of preparation. She manages to rest a good deal, other people taking the chief burden of getting her clothes made on their shoulders. She lies on the sofa in the shabby old parlor, staring idly at the white and yellow spring flowers that brighten the dull brown beds yonder in the familiar garden, the white pear blossoms tossing gayly in the light April wind, the jonquils peeping over the tall box border, the sword-shaped lily-of-the-valley leaves cleaving the damp mould in the shadow of the bulging moss-grown wall, summer's harbinger in the shape of a butterfly skimming over the tender rose leaves. A dull old house verily—a limited prospect this long strip of walled garden, yet sweet and soothing to one who has suffered. Sweet to lie at rest on the slumberous sofa, with no thought or care for the day, and with but vaguest thought of the morrow.

"If Uncle Trenchard leaves me a fortune, life will be made so easy," Sibyl muses, her arms folded above her head, her eyes fixed dreamily on the waving white pear bloom; "I shall have but to call Alex back to me, and we can be happy together again, and taste the sweets of life again, as we did in our brief bright honeymoon. Poverty and love can not live long together; but love with plenty of money—*that* means Paradise."

The future, dimly veiled though it is, seems very easy to her just now. She is elated by her uncle's evident admiration of her. She has made just the impression that she would have wished to make upon that fate-disposing relative. To follow up that impression will be simple enough. Has she not been told of her winning ways, of those small fascinations which make a woman powerful for good or evil? Has she not been always her uncle Robert's favorite, every body's favorite, without effort on her own part, while Marion, painfully anxious to please, has been looked on rather as a nuisance, a vivacious nonentity of whom one might easily have too much?

Mr. Trenchard's carriage calls every afternoon, with its coachman and footman in respectable Puritan drab liveries, to take the two young ladies for an airing, Mr. Trenchard himself rarely making any use of the equipage, which he keeps rather as an appanage of his state than for pleasure or convenience. It is very agreeable to Sibyl to drive up the long street, with its ascending scale of social importance, from the shabby old houses at Uncle Robert's end of the town to the stately stone mansions above Bar. Very agreeable to pass the *élite*, whom Marion has just begun to know, and salutes with delighted becks and bows, but whom Sibyl surveys with a stony stare, as having not the faintest notion who they are.

"That Faunthorpe girl is handsomer than ever," says Colonel Stormont to his wife, whom he is driving in a pony-carriage a size or two larger than a washing basket. "She's pretty sure to come in for a tidy share of the old fellow's money, I should think. Not a bad match for Frederick."

Frederick is the eldest hope of the Stormonts—great at cricket, croquet and athletics, fire-brigade and volunteer rifle corps; a youth with very thin legs, and not much body, who wears a cutaway coat that just clears his hips, and has never been seen in an overcoat, or without a flower in his button-hole.

"No family," says Mrs. Stormont, pursing up her lips.

"Family be bothered!" remarks the colonel. "Old Trenchard is rolling in money. What's the good of family? It won't keep a roof over your head, or pay the tax-gatherer. Commerce is the thing nowadays. If Fred doesn't marry a rich woman pretty soon, he'll have to go into commerce. You ought to take notice of those Faunthorpe girls."

"I'll call next week," replies Mrs. Stormont, obediently.

Sibyl's beauty is the talk of the town. Redcastle is suddenly awakened to the consciousness of loveliness that scarcely moved it to admiration two years ago, although the girl's beauty had then the bloom and freshness of unchastened youth. Perhaps she is really lovelier now. Sorrow and passion have passed there, and left the exalted look of an awakened soul, where there was before only girlish innocence, curious and wondering about a world of which it knew nothing. She has eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. The mystery of life has been revealed to her. Be sure that Eve's beauty had a deeper meaning after she came out by the fatal gate where the armed seraphs kept watch and ward.

The carriage comes at the week's end to fetch Miss Faunthorpe and her belongings, to the tribulation of her young sister Jenny, who has had so much of Marion lately that she is deeply grieved to lose Sibyl.

"It will be ever so much worse for me when you're gone," she says; "you do stand up for a fellow sometimes. She'll be sending me up stairs for her handkerchief or her keys three times an hour, and making me crimp her hair till my fingers ache, and unpick her old dresses. I wish Uncle Trenchard would let me go with you. I shouldn't cost much or be in his way. And now Uncle Robert says I'm not to go to school any more, because it makes me vulgar, and Marion is to go on with my education. A nice education it will be. I don't believe she knows when William the Conqueror came over, or who invented potatoes."

Sibyl tears herself from the lamenting damsel, kisses Uncle Robert with a plaintive little look more expressive of gratitude than many a lengthy oration, and takes her place in the barouche, which becomes her as a frame does a picture, and seems as much her attribute as Juno's car to the goddess.

"Good-by, poverty," she says to herself, as the chestnuts throw up their fore-legs, as if they were playing cup and ball, and dash off toward the Bar. "It shall go hard with me if my name is not written in Uncle Trenchard's will before long."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOVE-MATCH IN A CARPET.

"I HAVE lost my way!" These words said suddenly, in a low tone, with an accent of dismay, interrupted a blithe carol rippling from the lips of Florence Grey.

There could hardly have been a prettier place to lose one's way in. The path ended abruptly at the margin of a narrow stream. No more than a woodland trail, it had been thickly beset with tangled under-wood and overhung by gnarled antiques of a goodly forest; but here, as it ended, the woods ended also. A turfed bank sloped gently to the water's edge; grassy slopes of the same undulating character outlined the opposite bank of the rivulet; gardens and villas, and beyond them piles of façade and roof, smoke-stack and spire, imaged against a clear June sky the profile of a town.

"I have lost my way." The speaker was a girl of perhaps eighteen years of age, but so essentially youthful in form and feature that the girlish element preponderated emphatically over the womanish—a girl costumed in white muslin, with bodice blue, and a broad-brimmed straw hat trimmed with blue ribbons, very nearly in the style of a stage shepherdess. For a crook she carried a fresh-cut birch rod, and clasped against it, rather deleteriously to their preservation, a bunch of wood leaves.

Along the path, stopping here and there to gather a leaf, she had been singing to herself just those light-hearted snatches of song that one is apt to hum or carol or whistle in the woods. Her dainty blonde face was rosily flushed with exercise and pleasure, and her ungloved hands were reddened like her cheeks.

"I have lost my way." The second time that these words were spoken they were no longer a soliloquy, but a complaint addressed to an auditor. Florence Grey, tripping down the green-sward, had come suddenly upon a stranger, a youth, who at her first glance she pronounced gentle and trustworthy—a dark-complexioned, thoughtful-faced young man, walking by the river's edge with pondering footsteps and reading a little book.

"Can you tell me, Sir, the way to Lindengrove, opposite the Long Bridge of N——?"

So spake our shepherdess, not dropping a courtesy in stage style, but assuming for the moment a languid air of hauteur.

"I can direct you," answered the youth, courteously, "but not very definitely. I can better show you the way, if you will allow me."

"Guide me, please," said the maiden, "and I will follow; for if I am not at home by sundown, my mother will be in hysterics. I have the misfortune to be an only child. Liberty is sweet," she added, following her guide into the wood, "but it has to be paid for dearly. We were all in the woods together, and I wandered off alone. It was so bewitching! Please tell me, are we *miles* away from N——?"

"Hardly less than four miles from the Long Bridge by the direct route," said her guide; "but I can show you a wood path quicker."

"Show it to me, then," said Miss Grey, "and I shall be forever grateful, for my dear mother's sake. She is an invalid; she worries."

"We are spending the summer at Lindengrove," after a brief pause, continued this affable young lady, "and our chief pleasure is in the wood. To-day we had a fête, and crowned a June queen. Do you live in N——?"

"I do not call N—— my home, but my residence is there for the present."

"And you cross the Long Bridge to come into the forest?"

"No, my approach is different. I cross the river above the dam. But I know every turn of the path, every inch of the bank."

Florence Grey followed her guide through what seemed a trackless wild. He paused frequently to hold back some branch that barred the way, and at these moments glanced quickly but with keen interest at her face.

They kept up easily a light-hearted talk that would have been commonplace but for its cast of broken light, its tincture of fragrance and romance, caught from the summer wood.

Out of the thicket they emerged just as the sun was setting. Every feature of the scene they entered became afterward significantly memorable.

The bank, curved into a low-shored cove, was grown thickly to the water's edge with blue forget-me-nots, now in their full bloom. A contrast of color, a perspective of color, led from this emerald ground, studded with turquois stars, to the pale blue-green, the aquamarine, of the far sky, swept with a moving trellis of carmine clouds, flushed and fired by sunset.

The guide paused, and looked toward his companion expectantly. He was not disappointed. Their eyes met in one of those sympathetic avowals of kindred perception that unites in harmony of music and harmony of vision the lovers of Beauty.

They lingered not long. From the glen of forget-me-nots a direct path led to Lindengrove, and Miss Florence Grey, with many thanks to her courteous conductor, reached home in time to assuage the rising hysterics of her anxious mamma.

A week after this occurrence an intimate friend of Mrs. Grey asked Florence to grant her a favor. "The agent," she said, "of the most artistic photographer in New York is stopping for a day at N——, and I am to send by him to the city two imperfect sketches, one a penciling taken 'after death,' the other an impaired ambrotype, of my dear dead Lilian. The artist promises to make from them a life-like miniature. I feel unwilling to commit them into a stranger's hands, and the agent leaves town to-night. Will you take them to N—— for me? You can have my pony-phaeton."

But no; Florence, who luxuriated in rambles these beautiful mornings, said she would rather walk. "Theresa will go with me." She promised; and the pictures, incased in a Vienna wallet, were intrusted to her hands.

Theresa was busy. Florence, nothing loath, for her sunny soul loved solitude, ventured off alone. Singing, she wended her way along the dappled path of the noonday forest.

She had reached a point where the arch of foliage opened upon pastures divided by a high-road on the outskirts of a village. There, while begirt still with the loneliness of wild-wood, she saw in an instant the creeping under-wood of her path change into a human form; she saw a hideous face staring up at her from the ground, and so close to her that had she not glanced that second down she would have stumbled over him at her next step. A vagrant lay stretched upon the sward—a ruffian with some dark-colored object lying beside him, and a scarlet handkerchief bound around his head. Something frightful in the sudden apparition, something sanguinary in the aspect, struck with terror the imagination of the girl, and she fled precipitately. She dropped her parasol, dropped the precious packet of her friend, and ran—ran as for dear life, out of the wood, down the steep hill-side, into the high-road between the meadows.

On she ran until she came to a cottage, threw open the garden gate, and sped up the path for shelter.

Two men were standing in the porch, one a white-haired patriarch, leaning on a staff, and the other—Florence Grey's guide of the forest. Their mutual recognition was instant, and Florence, pale with fright, sinking upon the porch bench nearly in a swoon, held out her hand to this stranger as to some old friend.

He took the little hand for a moment in his own. "How can I help you?" he asked.

"I have lost something so precious!" gasped Florence, "so irrecoverably precious! And oh! I was a coward. But that dreadful—murderous—red-handkerchiefed"—she shuddered and lost her breath upon an appalling noun—"frightened me so, I dropped every thing."

She told him presently more coherently of her experience. He started off in search of the pictures, while the old man conducted Florence into his cool dim summer parlor, and having seen her safely ensconced in the ancient depths of its hair-cloth sofa, brought her a glass of milk strengthened with home-made wine.

In less than an hour the young man returned, not having encountered the peddler or recovered the parasol, but bringing the "irrecoverably precious" package. Florence thanked him with all her heart. She felt herself constrained, although an internal voice suggested that her mother would never forgive the imprudence, to allow this young man, whose wagon was conveniently in waiting, to drive her to N——. Her errand there accomplished, she allowed him, by the most beautiful winding road that ever threaded romantic passages and crossed mysterious bridges, to drive her home. She alighted just within, or rather just without, the range of sight from Lindengrove windows.

How well they had become acquainted! how much, how very much, she liked him! and how appreciative and comprehensive she felt was his liking for her! Every thing in their intercourse had been unconventional, and now they had parted without a word of future meeting. She had not even, as common gratitude demanded, asked his name. Would they meet again?

Poets and artists from Homer to Turner have recognized a wonderful force in the mystic emphasis of Repetition. And Fate, whose genius is at heart poetic and artistic, has its own fondness for duplications and antiphonals. In the meeting again of Florence Grey and her guide there was an employment of this potent principle.

They met so precisely as they had met before that the repetition assumed in their eyes a meaning, a portent.

Details of coincidence forced themselves upon observation—the glen of forget-me-nots at sunset; a sunset flecked with carmine clouds; Florence in her shepherdess costume of blue and white (for the sojourners of Lindengrove were indulging in another rural fête); her guide reading the identical little book; her hand holding the same wood leaves. He had named them to her before—sumach, wild rose, woodbine.

The exact scene which had environed their first actual meeting—here it was their eyes had divined the sympathy they possessed for each other—now environed their parting; for he said, "I leave N—— to-morrow. I have taken passage on Saturday's steamer from New York to Liverpool."

Florence Grey's face betrayed a sudden emotion. She had the satisfaction, however, to flatter herself that, in ordering a calm speech, she concealed the unaccountable pang too sensibly experienced. "Since you are going away," Miss Grey said, "please tell me your name, that I may have the nominal keepsake of one from whom I have accepted kindness."

She hardly needed to ask, for her fancy, cast in a truly feminine mould, easily reached conclusions without premises, and she had already named and domiciled and endowed this woodland hero. There was a certain manorial place near N——, the residence of an eccentric and recluse bachelor—just the man to have one interesting nephew for an occasional visitor and a sole heir. Florence on horseback had dashed by this residence almost daily since her last adventure, expecting to see her "student" thoughtfully pacing its silent terrace, or emerging upon her bridle-path from its stately glades.

How were her preconceptions put to flight by his downright answer! "My name is Horace King. I am a workman in the N—— factory."

Florence Grey's quickly moved and ingenuous face expressed, after one sweeping cloud of regret, that unmistakable bar of circumstantial pride, pronouncing how far Horace King was removed from *her*, how impassable was the gulf between a workman in the carpet factory of N—— and a high-bred girl trained in a circle of fashion and fortune, and anticipating in the approaching season a brilliant *début* in New York.

As an immediate after-thought—for something in the mingled pride and pain with which the youth had said these words reached her—something in his tone touched the better, freer nature of Florence Grey. With a quick impulse, swayed by kindly retrospection and kindly good wishes, she took from her girlish finger a turquois ring.

"It is set with a forget-me-not," she said, giving it to him. "Keep it, please, as a token of my thanks. Keep it until we meet again."

She glanced away from him as she concluded a sentence which, for some reason or other, thrilled and inspired him—she glanced, at her last words, afar off toward the sinking sun. He interpreted her look. Their "meeting again" was something beyond the horizon of tangible events.

He kissed her hand and accepted her gift.

By a curious legal complication, arising from a curious but lawful "will," Florence Grey, upon the death of her mother, which occurred early in that very autumn for which the opening of her "brilliant season" had been planned, was left a penniless orphan. She was flung in a moment from the caressing atmosphere of affluence and idolatry into the harsh air of need, and the calculating friendships of distant relatives. She did not realize at first all the sorrows of this change; but as time passed the cry of her heart became more desolate and more bitter. She wasted herself in longing for that never-to-be-recalled bondage of maternal love, that irksome fondness which had so tenderly hemmed her in from all rough usage of "this worky-day world."

The sweet, rich, rippling voice, trained æsthetically for parlor use—Florence Grey's singing, a part of herself, which, like herself, had been tenderly nurtured and flattered and held sacred to home life—was metamorphosed into a thing of market value.

She had yielded to circumstance, and two years after her mother's death journeyed toward Italy, to cultivate there for public use her musical gift.

The friends who took her under their protection for the journey stopped several weeks in England.

In London, at the Royal Gallery, where Florence was spending a morning with her friend Theresa, she was presented casually to Mr. B——, a rich bachelor, of New York, famous for his affluence, and famous, almost against his modest will, for his benevolent munificence.

Florence, at Theresa's side, could not avoid hearing a conversation that interested her but slightly in comparison with the pictures. Her indifference was dispelled by a single word. Her undivided attention became fixed upon the conversation, and the paintings vanished into the obscurity of dead walls.

"I am just now deeply interested," Mr. B—— said, "in a young countryman of yours and mine, Miss Theresa, who has fallen, as I believe innocently, into the toils of an unprincipled enemy. The young man is employed as a designer in the immense carpet factories of A——, and he had met with such success that fame and fortune seemed secured. One design of his, called the forget-me-not pattern, met with such remarkable favor that it was purchased by French artistes, and found its way in Aubusson into the boudoir of the Empress. For this very pattern, which had proved the corner-stone of his good fortune, the poor fellow is now in trouble, and has been arraigned on a charge of plagiarism, or, to speak more accurately, of downright theft. His adversary has produced successive designs, from the crude thought to the artistic finish, and the affair is going hard with my poor countryman, Horace King. To-morrow I am to have a hearing in his case, to present testimonials which have been sent to me from America from various friends and from the factories of N——, certifying his well-known talent and his excellent character."

At the word "forget-me-not" the attention of Florence was arrested. At the name of Horace King her whole soul became interested. Associated in memory with her summer at Lindengrove, with her last summer of sun-lit youth and of young life's ineffable sweet promise, had been the "student" of her imagination; and the "workman in the factory of N——" had, as time gave new insight into the world's ways, become glorified. She had seen no one who seemed to her so manly, so thoughtful, and so trustworthy as her guide of the woods.

The New York girl rather astonished her august countryman by her impulsive start and her earnest plea.

"Mr. B——, will you not take me with you to the trial to-morrow? I believe I can help you. I know something of a forget-me-not carpet pattern. At least—I mean I know something of a forget-me-not carpet *man!*"

Her face, lighted by self-forgetful enthusiasm, became so radiant that Mr. B——, who had a chivalric fondness for "lovely woman" and a quick appreciation of feminine beauty, accused himself of culpable blindness in not having before perceived the attraction of Theresa's friend.

Of course he willingly consented to take her with him to the trial. He even found time among his numerous afternoon engagements to bring to her lodgings a copy of the disputed pattern, and explain to her the technicalities at issue. His explanations fortified Florence in her persuasion that she could be "a help." She attended the trial on the morrow with Mr. B——, accompanied by Theresa and Theresa's mother.

The case had been some time "on" when the American party entered the dim and well-filled chamber, whose audience was composed for the most part of manufacturers and decorative artists, who felt in the case a peculiar interest. As Mr. B—— had said, it was "going hard" with his young countryman, Horace King. But the testimonials of ability and character contributed by substantial men, and their presentation by the well-known and widely honored Mr. B——, produced a beneficial counteraction.

Then Florence Grey became a witness. Before giving her volunteered statement she had seen the face of the defendant. Mr. B—— pointed him out to her, and it needed but a glance to assure Florence that he was the veritable ideal of whom her inmost soul declared, "Truthful, trustworthy."

He, too, had seen her, and for an instant all the realities around him melted into the uncertain atmosphere of a dream. His blithe "beauty" of the wild-wood, his mimic shepherdess of sylvan fairy-land, the little star that had dawned upon his love's first dream—he knew her image well. And now, folded in her dark robes of mourning, mantled in blackness like his fate, she came to him as a priestess of the night.

The aim of her statement was to give the scenic story of the pattern—to show clearly to others, as she herself clearly saw, the inherent proof of authenticity in the individualizing history of the design. The carpet was the map of the moment, and the moment was the possession of Horace King. She described in her simple, impulsive, and *convinced*, and consequently convincing, language the meeting and parting in the glen of forget-me-nots, whose memorial the artist had committed in picturesque fragments to the interweaving loom. She traced in the pattern beneath the forget-me-nots of turquois and zenith blue a shadowy strewing in mezzotint of the precise wood leaves she had held in her hand, and of which he had said to her the names—woodbine, sumach, wild rose. In the border, edged by a conventional fretwork of black and gold, was rendered as well as tinted wools might the "sunset" trellis of carmine cloud. "And here," said Florence, kindling with excitement, "in the fretwork of the border, is my turquois ring. Oh, perhaps he wears it still!"

"My turquois ring!" How her clear voice swept with these words the heart of Horace King! He did not hear the added sentence—it was said in a lowered tone; but he caught its reflection in an impression of friendly interest aroused in the listening crowd—a murmur, perhaps, or a sympathetic smile.

He wore it still. And in the border of the carpet its likeness at intervals, more or less revealed, now clearly appeared. Nor was this all. Florence Grey's testimony, corroborated unexpectedly in circumstantial points by Theresa and her mother, and sustained in dignity by the introductory support of the renowned Mr. B——, achieved its crowning triumph in the announcement that her initials, the engraved initials of the ring, were introduced into the fretwork of the carpet's border. Horace King's opponent failed to find them; but they were discovered presently in their ingenious reproduction by experts; and with this seal of the scenic story, Horace King's acquittal was complete.

A year in Italy devoted to the cultivation of her voice was made delightful to Florence Grey by a correspondence with a dear friend in England—a correspondence which brought her into intimate knowledge of the noble heart and gifted mind of Horace King.

And her singing was never publicly heard, for ere the year of schooling ended, the plans of her life were changed.

Fate kept, in the disposal of Florence, true to its fond antiphonals. In the very manor place near N——, not far from Lindengrove, and within rambling distance of the forget-me-not glen, Horace King, in exact similitude of an absurd fancy of a romantic girl, may be often seen now, thoughtfully pacing its terrace or emerging from its stately glades.

Returning to his native land, and interesting himself both as artist and capitalist in the manufactures of N——, he has acquired fame and fortune. His wife is a graceful lady, the mother of beautiful children, and the favorite of a circle of friends of whose appreciation her husband may well be proud.

Every one knows her as Mrs. King; but her sweet, rich, rippling voice, that holds the soprano in the choir of the village church, is the sunny inheritance of Florence Grey.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The death of Mr. James H. Noe from injuries inflicted by a burglar has intensified the interest felt in this case of bold burglary, the details of which have been read throughout the country. Before the death of the unfortunate victim of brutal violence, and while consciousness remained, there was a chance that the burglar, if arrested, might be positively identified. For two days after the occurrence Mr. Noe could have given information that would have fixed the crime positively upon the right person, had he been captured, and thus the cause of justice been advanced; but somehow so much time was wasted in preliminaries that the burglar had ample time to hide away, and another mysterious murderer is added to the previous list of undiscovered criminals. How long shall such deeds be done in secret?

Among the curiosities of the Paris Geographical Exhibition was a plaster cast of an aerolite weighing 20,000 kilograms, found on the coast of Greenland in 1870; the jewels and ornaments of the Khan of Khiva, exhibited by the Emperor of Russia; the autograph atlas of Philip II. of Spain, dedicated to his father; Tycho Brahe's treatise on astronomy; and Scaliger and Cabot's map of the world. Switzerland furnished specimens of the rocks met with in the St. Gothard Tunnel works, with the instruments employed in boring; the instruments used by the French government in observing the transit of Venus were exhibited, and a collection of vestiges of primitive man found in the Pyrenees.

Some wooden writing tablets were lately discovered in a house at Pompeii. In pursuing researches still farther, two inkstands and a pen were found. The pen was of metal, and in form not unlike those made from quills. So we may suppose that steel pens are not so modern, after all.

Travelers in Oregon and in Washington Territory are enthusiastic over the grand and picturesque mountain scenery. The Cascade Range is a continuation of the Sierra Nevada, with the same general characteristics. The lowest passes are about 6000 feet high, and the higher peaks above 10,000, Mount Rainier and Mount Hood both being over 13,000 feet. At 6000 feet Rainier is covered with huge snow patches, and at 10,000 comes the region of perpetual ice and snow.

If you have a good coat and don't choose to wear it, it is a very different thing from not having a good coat at all. But mistakes may thereby occur. Not long since a gentleman of some political and public note, but also noted for his carelessness in the matter of apparel, was thoughtlessly sitting on a porter's truck in front of one of our suburban hotels. A lady traveler, very naturally supposing him to be the porter, requested him to carry her sachel to the dépôt. He readily complied, but on reaching the lady's destination he blandly declined the offered compensation, and with a graceful bow, left her wondering at the disinterested politeness of her "porter."

Keep your mouth shut when you run a race. A man employed on a New Jersey farm was running at full speed after some sheep, with his mouth open, when a bee flew into his mouth and stung him on the back part of the glottis. The bee was swallowed, and in a few minutes afterward a rash broke out over the man's whole body. A physician was sent for, and after a time the sufferer was relieved.

A marble memorial of Sir John Franklin has been placed in Westminster Abbey, in that part now known as the Nightingale Chapel. Beneath an elaborate canopy is the bust of the explorer, wearing his medals and orders on his breast. The bust bears the one word, "Franklin." Underneath is a marble picture of a ship ice-bound in the arctic regions, bearing above it the words:

"O ye frost and cold, O ye ice and snow,
Bless ye the Lord; praise Him, and magnify Him
forever."

Beneath the bust are these lines:

"Not here; the white North has thy bones; and thou,
Heroic Sailor-Soul,
Art passing on thine happier voyage now,
Toward no earthly pole."

These lines are followed by the name "Tennyson." On the right side of the monument is the inscription:

"To the memory of Sir John Franklin, born April 16, 1786, at Spilsby, Lincolnshire; died June 11, 1847, off Point Victory, in the Frozen Ocean, the beloved chief of the crews who perished with him in completing the discovery of the Northwest Passage."

On the other side the legend runs:

"This monument was erected by Jane, his widow, who, after long waiting and sending many in search of him, herself departed to find him in the realms of Life, July 18, 1875, aged eighty-three years."

Kerosene flames are readily extinguished by throwing a cloth over them, thus stifling them. But cloth is not always in the kitchen, where kerosene accidents are most likely to occur. Flour is recommended as a substitute. Thrown upon the flames, it quickly absorbs the fluid and deadens the flame.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells of an honest-looking man who lately called on the justice of the peace, and inquired what his honor's usual fee was for joining a couple in the holy bonds of wedlock.

"The fee is two dollars in case you come here," was the reply.

"Less see," mused the man, as he handed out a roll of bills; "there's three dollars for a bedstead, eight dollars for a second-hand stove, two dollars for dishes, two dollars to run the house on, and—and that's every blamed cent."

"So you are short?" inquired the justice.

"There's the pile," replied the young man; "but I'll knock the two dollars off for dishes, and give it to you, for I'm bound to be harnessed to my girl this week if we have to bile taters in the tea-pot."

And in less than an hour the two were made one.

The Maine State Normal School has sent out one hundred graduates and six hundred under-graduates during the seven years of its existence.

Many "sharp" dealers, who glory in a "good bargain," might well learn a lesson of honor and true honesty from a little incident which is related of the Duke of Wellington. On one occasion his steward bought some land adjoining his country estate, and boasted of having made a fine bargain because the seller was in straitened circumstances. The steward had paid eight hundred pounds for the land, and when the duke asked how much it was really worth, he replied, "Eleven hundred pounds," and rubbed his hands in glee at his good bargain. But the duke said, sternly, "Take three hundred pounds and carry them to the seller, with my compliments, and don't ever venture to talk to me of cheap land again."

There are walking, running, trotting, and swimming matches, as we all know, and now come the jumping matches, than which nothing more useless can be conceived. However, quite a crowd gathered in Hoboken the other day to see which of two jumpers could jump the farthest. Why does not some one get up some useful matches—strength and skill applied to some really useful industry? We suggest potato-digging matches, apple-gathering matches, brick-laying matches, street-sweeping matches, and the like. Then some good might be accomplished.

Query: Why do the press and the whole community fall into raptures when an ocean steamer makes an unusually swift voyage, and then, after every shipwreck, vehemently advocate careful passages, with no reckless speed? If the steamer that makes the "quickest time on record" is also the *safest* steamer and the most carefully managed, it is all right; but what will be the verdict of the people if a steamer striving to "make the quickest time on record" sinks her passengers?

A sanitary measure in the matter of drainage has been adopted by some of the English building companies which is worthy of remark. The method consists in avoiding invariably the carrying of drains under any portion of the house. Instead of this a drain is arranged behind two rows of houses, running lengthwise in the gardens and into the main drain, the drain pipes are also led from the backs of the houses instead of beneath them, and thence into the street. It is said that the death rate in houses where the drainage is so arranged, compared with that of a similar number of ordinarily drained houses, has been much less.

The Brooklyn tower is now practically completed, the remaining stones being withheld to allow the placing of the cable machinery. The tower now stands 271½ feet high from the tide level, and in it there are about 35,000 cubic yards of stone, weighing about 80,000 tons. The "saddles" upon which the cables are to rest were put in place not long ago, and work will cease for the present on the Brooklyn tower. The New York tower will be completed before the close of the present season, and it is expected that before next fall the cables will be stretched across the river.

Enlarged accommodations are being made for the students of the Union Theological Seminary, in University Place. The premises hitherto occupied are being refitted and improved, and adjoining property has been purchased and prepared for use. The library is to be enlarged and the chapel rebuilt, with a recess constructed for a new organ, the gift of Marshall O. Roberts. Some years ago the directors of the seminary purchased a large plot of ground near St. Nicholas Avenue and One-hundred-and-thirty-second Street, on which they expected to erect new buildings. But it has been thought expedient to delay the erection of new seminary buildings until rapid transit between the lower and upper parts of the island is established.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A gentleman while making a speech, inadvertently stepping forward, fell off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right to come down to the level of his audience.

Legal Forgers—Blacksmiths.

A worthy young lover once sought for his bride
A dame of the blue-stocking school.
"Excuse me, dear Sir, but I've vowed," she replied,
"That I never would marry a fool."

"Then think not of wedlock," he answered, "my fair;
Your vow was Diana's suggestion,
Since none but a fool, it is easy to swear,
Would venture to ask you the question."

"Were you drunk?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Well," was the reply, "I had been drinking so much I couldn't tell whether I was sober or not."

"I say, Bill, what's the difference between your watch and a bill-poster?" "I give it up, Julius." "Well, one is a Bill's ticker and the other is a bill-sticker."

A tombstone in a Colorado cemetery has the following touching epitaph:

"He was young, he was fair,
But the Injuns raised his hair."

Neptune's Coat of Arms—The crest of a wave.

Always ready to take a fair View of Things—A conductor.

Why is a drawn tooth like things forgotten?—Because it's out of the head.

What are they which, though always drunk, are never intoxicated?—Toasts.

A man's a fool to try to beat the sun in rising. It will be sure to rise some morning when he won't.

A man called on a dilatory debtor and politely said, "If you'll pay me the amount of your bill immediately, you'll oblige me; if not, I shall have to oblige you."

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man?—Because both fail to get rich.

"How sweet, but how bald for one so young!" is what a nice young lady remarked about an infant.

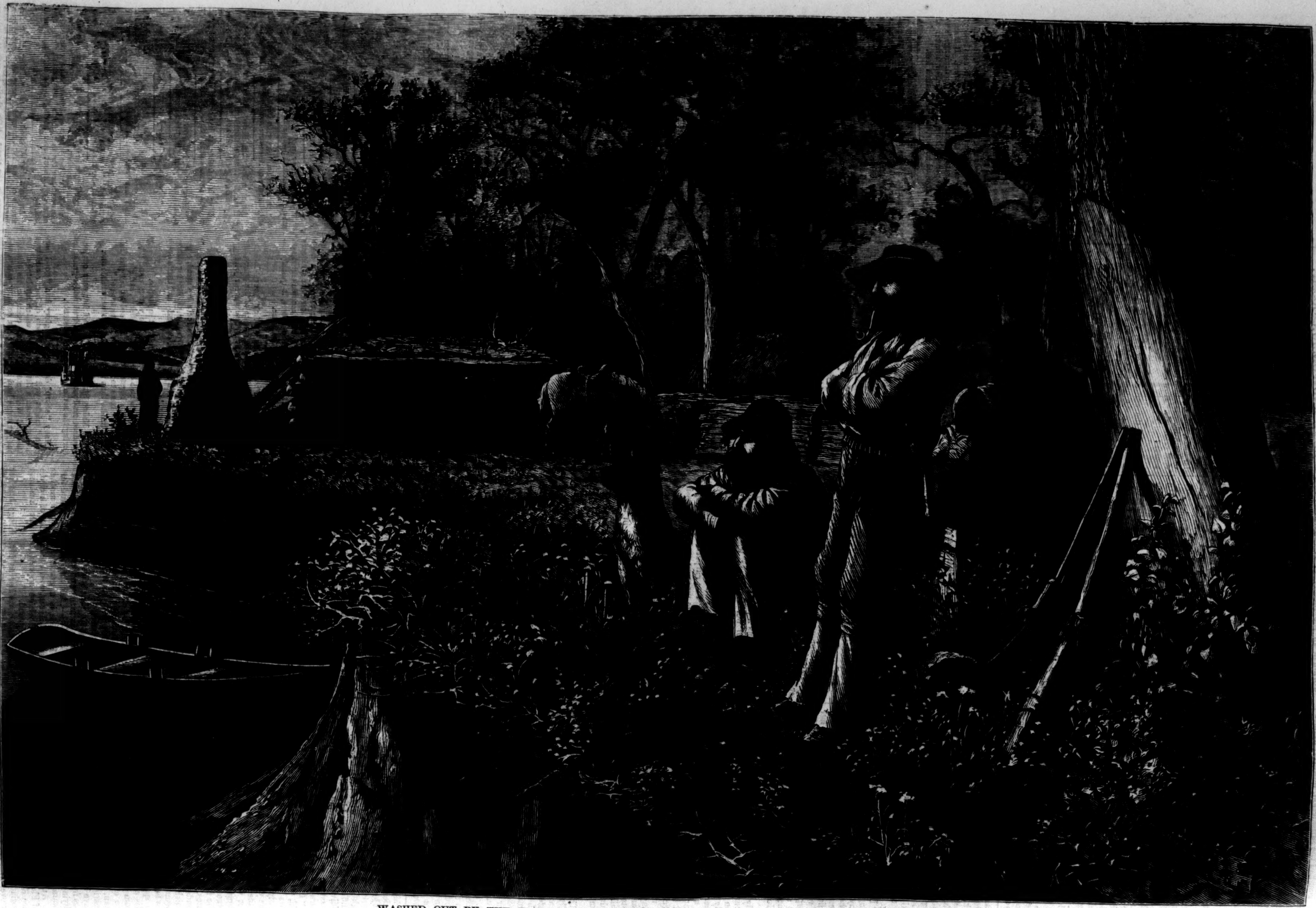
A "Maiden" Speech—Yes.

It is a pleasant thing to see roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out in blossoms.

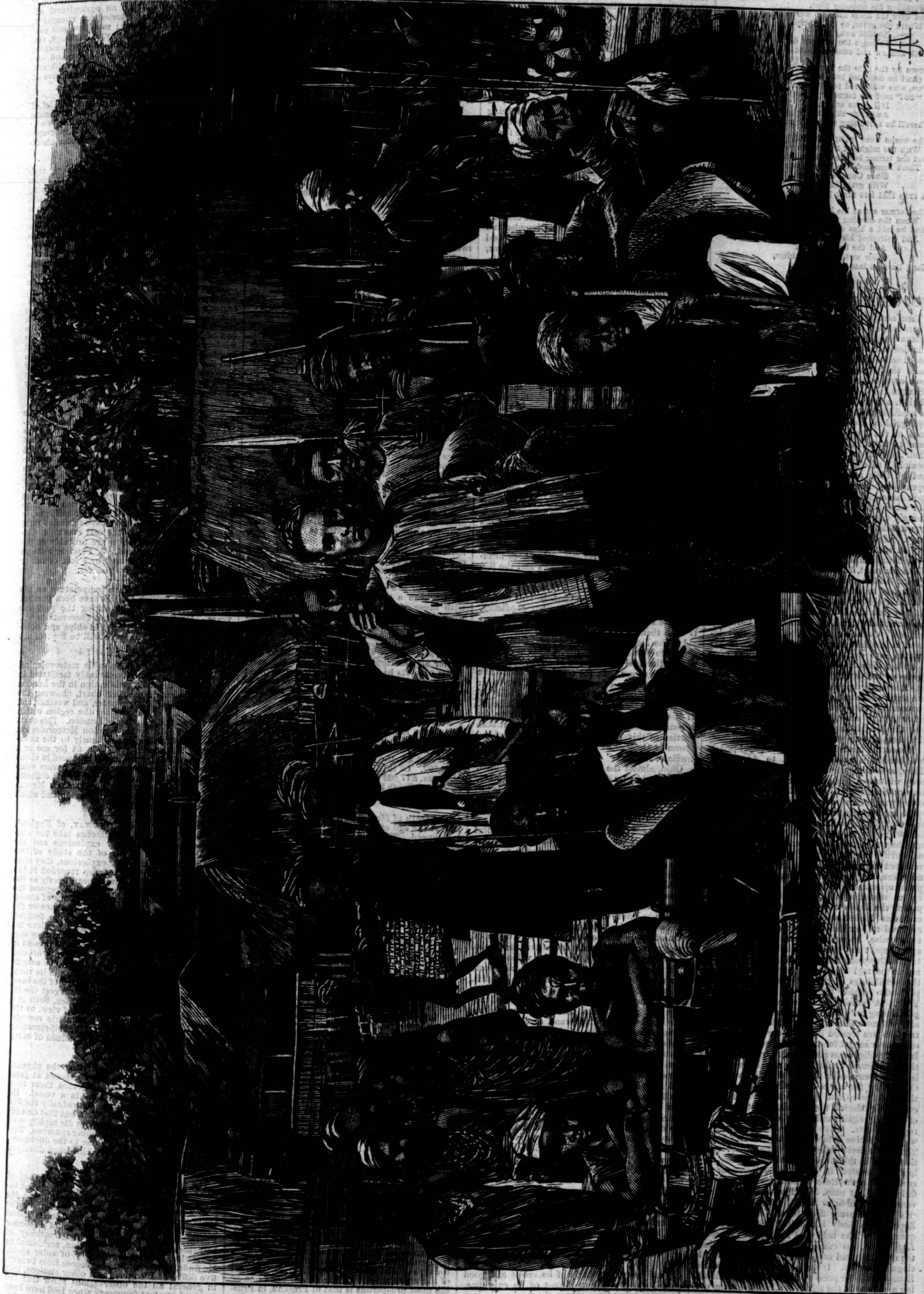
Talleyrand declared on one occasion that he despised mankind. "The reason," observed Barras, "is very apparent—he has studied himself too deeply."

A gentleman in foreign parts, who had murdered his father and mother, his wife, and a few other relatives, trusted that the jury would take as an extenuating circumstance the fact of his having attained the age of fifty without ever having committed such acts before.

An inquiring English tourist walking along the streets of New York found his progress stopped by a barricade of timber. "What is that for?" said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the yellow fever." "Ah, I see," said the Englishman; "it is the American Board of Health."



WASHED OUT BY THE FLOODS—AN INCIDENT OF CABIN LIFE IN THE WEST.—[See Page 766.]



NATIVES OF BURMAH.—[See Page 766.]

THE DOUBLE HARVEST.

The farmer sat at his kitchen door,
Smoking his noonday pipe,
And over the fields his eyes were cast,
Where the grain, so golden-ripe,
Nodded away
Through the summer day,
With shadow and sunshine hard at play.

Down by the gate the farmer saw
(And he chuckled low in glee)
Two, who whispered together there.
"So!" said the farmer, "I see!
If I guess aright,
And their skies are bright,
There'll be harvesting soon with main and might."

The weeks went by, and the old barn groaned
With the might of harvest store;
But the farmer laughed, for well he knew
There remained one harvest more,
Since Cupid had sown,
With grain of his own,
A crop that *love* must harvest alone.

The farmer sat at his kitchen door
When the evening meal was done,
And he laid a kiss on his daughter's brow,
And welcomed his new-found son;
And the harvest-time,
With wedding-bells' chime,
Sang its days into merry rhyme.

THE SCHOOL QUESTION IN OHIO.

The arrogant tone assumed by the foreign priests in speaking to American editors and politicians deserves more than a passing attention. It indicates the revival in the New World of that absurd self-esteem and overweening vanity with which the papacy in the Middle Ages looked down upon princes and people. A Borgia or a Sixtus IV. hid his crimes under the cloak of religion, and persecuted heretics as the lord of an infallible faith; and pride has ever been the distinguishing mark of the most notoriously vicious of the Popes. Their bishops among us seem to have inherited the unapostolic trait. Their newspapers, the organs of the bishops, speak in a tone of authority certainly not authorized by their grammar or their style. They repeat week after week their coarse comments upon American manners, morals, or education. Yet what priests or bishops say to us would scarcely deserve attention had they not won so firm a hold upon the leaders of the Democratic party. Heretofore they have ruled the Democracy in secret; now they do so openly, and no one can any longer fail to see that Pius IX. and his servile court, his bishops and priests, are guiding our boldest and most daring politicians, that Rome has touched the sacred source of trans-atlantic freedom, and would poison it forever. Side by side in all our future political contests the priests and the Democrats will be naturally arrayed. Governor Allen, of Ohio, may lament in innocent surprise that sectarianism has entered into our politics. Timid editors may share his alarm; but the fierce and relentless agents of the papacy have begun in New York or Ohio a war upon American institutions that can never cease until one or the other of the two contending principles bites the dust, and Governor Allen and Governor Tilden know at last the fearful despotism to which they have tied themselves.

Hence the imperious tone of the papal priests has become singularly odious to Americans. They aspire to command where they should obey without a murmur; they demand from a free government privileges which none of their own governments have ever conferred; they require implicit obedience not only from their own followers, but from American Governors and legislators; they guide their body of superstitious members to the ruin of their enemies; they threaten, terrify, subdue. One of our city newspapers ventured to print an account of the San Miguel massacre, and some severe comments of an ex-priest upon the priesthood; it was soon warned by an ultramontane journal that it had surpassed the limits allowed it by the "Church," and was loaded with coarse abuse. It was required to humble itself before the priests, and to promise, apparently, that it would never again report any news that might give offense to its European masters. Truth, it seems, is not to be told by our newspapers, lest it touch the sensibilities of these "good Christian people" who aspire to rule in Ohio and New York. A censorship of the press is already begun among us. Fortunately in Ohio editors are allowed more liberty, and the ultramontane pretensions are treated in a manner that may well serve as a model for timid thinkers in the East. Intense indignation prevails throughout the State that the Roman Catholic press should have promised the Democratic party a complete victory in October by the aid of "the Catholic vote," and the intelligence and honesty of a well-educated community show a natural alarm at the thought of sinking again under the control of the arrogant priests. Says the Cleveland *Herald*, always the active defender of the schools (August 21), "We have believed it" (the school question) "to be the grave question of the year, and have so treated it. The Republicans of the twelve Western Reserve counties will vote this fall to the last man. And to a man they will vote the Republican ticket. And they will do this because every fibre in a Western Reserve Republican's body is tingling with the school question." The bold and intelligent Cleveland *Leader*, too, has carried on the contest against the menacing and unsparing foreign Church with singular address. It has felt that while the whole Roman Catholic press of the State was demanding a change in the school law, and boasting, not vainly, of its control over the Democracy, no honest American journal could be silent for shame. Its valuable services in the cause of knowledge are felt by its countrymen, and all the Republican journals in Ohio have united in a generous defense of education. Says the Cincinnati *Gazette*, "A Democratic triumph is a Catholic triumph; a Republican triumph, a Catholic defeat." This sentiment is echoed in every Republican journal and in every manly nature in Ohio. That a single and foreign sect should enter into American politics with extraordinary arrogance, defy our laws, contemn our manners, and offer its whole vote to the Democratic leaders for a set price is something ominous in our history, and which seems to have startled even the most ardent partisan. Many Democrats, we are told, will leave their party to avoid being forced into the service of the Roman priesthood, and few honest Germans can any longer be found on the side of the papal innovators in Ohio.

Judge Taft, a cultivated and thoughtful German, has in a recent speech exposed to the people of Ohio the real designs of the papacy. It is because the bishops and priests fear the Pope, he thinks, that they have shown so decided a hostility to the public schools, and nothing will satisfy the Papal Curia but the complete destruction of the system. It is the papal impulse and the terrors of Rome that urge on the priesthood in Ohio; the laity, he hopes, are more tolerant, and may at last soften the rashness of their spiritual guides. Unhappily Judge Taft overlooks the fatal element of this singular contest which prevails throughout all civilization, and of which Ohio feels only the opening thrill. It is the people who seem to follow most abjectly the teachings of Rome. The *Catholic Telegraph* promises to the Democracy the "solid, unbroken Catholic vote." Not a man is to be missing, not a deserter to be spared. At the meeting of the German Catholic charitable societies, where it was believed a strong opposition would be shown to the ultramontanes, all resistance was crushed by the nod of a single priest, and the whole society pledged itself to war against knowledge and the common schools. In New York the whole Irish Catholic population have gone year after year in a solid mass to the polls to vote for the men whom their bishop and the Papal Church approved, and have given us for rulers the thievish and the brutal. In Bavaria the ignorant populace have won an election for the Pope. In France and Belgium the peasants govern in the interest of the Roman Curia. There can, indeed, be no hope from such a class of voters. They are the slaves of the confessional, the serfs of a foreign tyranny, and their priests have sold them to the Democracy for a secret price. A conspiracy has been formed between the Democratic leaders and the Roman Catholic Church to carry our future elections, and the priests at least will not fail in their performance. The Roman Catholic laity in New York and Ohio have no choice but obedience. That the Democratic leaders can carry their party with them is not so certain, and without the aid of the Democratic vote the papal faction will sink into ruin and obscurity. This, no doubt, will be the final termination of the school question every where. In the conclusion of his fine defense of public education, Judge Taft says: "The Democrats must bear the responsibility of encouraging this sectarian war upon the schools. If it will court a priesthood by such means, let it bear the odium. We may only hope that both parties to this transaction may receive such a lesson in October as will discourage any further traffic of the kind."

Ohio, almost the central State of the Union, surrounded by its swift rivers and tranquil lakes, the home of an intelligent and cultivated population, full of the promise of future progress and prosperity, has been chosen by the Roman Catholic priesthood as the scene of their first open attempt to enforce their supremacy by a political intrigue. Fortunate would it be for the nation and the continent should they receive so complete an overthrow as may show them and their allies the real strength of American principle. Within the last twenty years the rapid growth of the papal power among us has poisoned the sources of our civilization with European barbarisms. From the union of the corrupt Democracy and the papal priests has sprung up a class of politicians to whom the very name of freedom is odious, because it was ever the symbol of honesty and purity, who have willingly sold their integrity for the profits of office, and sunk into a servile obedience to the foreign Church. Wherever the Democracy and the papal priests have triumphed together in our elections, they have placed in office men odiously vicious, thievish, brutal, and ignorant, or else the companions and the allies of thieves. The Democratic politicians who have ruled in our ultramontane centres have usually been traitors, or even the leaders of rebellion; public robbers, in private vicious beyond example. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a Democratic paper, admits that the last Ohio Legislature, or at least that portion of it elected by the Roman Catholics, and which obeyed the commands of the priests, was the most infamous Assembly the State had ever known; that they sold their votes for petty bribes, and covered up their crime by a hasty adjournment. The same class of men, or worse, have ruled New York for twenty years by the aid of the foreign Church. It is needless, indeed, to repeat the story of our fate. Every year has produced a new proof of Democratic corruption and fraud, and of enormous robberies committed under the shelter of a foreign Church, which has never denied the right of asylum to its own assassins and thieves. Democratic leaders plundered the Sinking Fund of the State of $4,000,000, the canals of a limitless sum, the city of New York nearly of its credit and good name, and the nation almost of its existence. In every other State where the foreign Democracy has gained a temporary control it has been equally dangerous and daring—in Ohio, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Missouri. There is nowhere any difference in the product of the conspiracy of the Democrats and the priests, and every politician who sells his honor and influence to Rome sinks into a moral languor and decay. There is, indeed, no more curious subject of study than the effect of the growth of the papal influence upon our Democratic politicians, and the swift rise among them, under the teachings of the foreign Church, of characters and practices that would do no discredit to the days of the Borgias. A Fisk, or a Tweed, is only the most notorious of a dangerous throng of inferior politicians.

The note of reform has come from Ohio. In all its tasteful cities and villages its people rally against the growth of papal barbarism. Admirable, pure, and thoughtful men lead on the ranks of the Republicans. It is as if the honesty and intelligence of the State had risen in defense of knowledge and of education, of American principles and social progress. The "school question" has given to politics a nobler aim; and the Republican victory in Ohio in the fall will be remembered by countless and grateful generations as the first impulse of reaction and reform against that tide of foreign corruption which for twenty years has been slowly sapping American institutions.

Eugene Lawrence.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

According to M. Renaud, the method adopted by the Chinese for raising the cyprinoid fishes, such as the carp, tench, etc., is by placing them in large earthen vessels, some hundreds of gallons in capacity, filled with fresh-water plants. When the spawning season arrives, which is known by the disturbance of the water in consequence of the rapid movements of the fish, the eggs, which are deposited on the plants, are removed by means of a skimmer, and placed in the shade in a vessel with a flat bottom and about four inches in depth. The hatching takes place at the end of about eight days, and after the yolk-bag is absorbed, numerous minute embryos of insects, crustaceans, etc., found in stagnant water are obtained from the surface with gauze nets, which are then washed off in the water containing the young fry. At the end of six months these attain the dimensions of about an inch in length, after which they may be turned into the vessels in which are the larger fish.

A memoir of Renou, the distinguished French meteorologist, upon the periodicity of severe winters, although published many years ago, has been recently quoted in defense of the opinion that such periodicity actually exists. According to Renou, rigorous winters return about every forty-one years. They are arranged into groups, generally composed of a central winter and four or five others disposed on either side of it within a space of twenty years. Mixed with these years are others, also, of unusual warmth, in such a manner that the mean cold of the season is not sensibly altered. The period of forty-one years seems to be that which corresponds to the maxima of the solar spots at the same season of the year. A central cold winter arrives eighteen months after the maximum of spots has coincided with the warmest season of the year. The severe winters seem to alternate between the northern and southern hemispheres of the earth.

An illustration of what has been done by Great Britain for the advancement of science and art may be found in the appropriations made for the public museums and art galleries in the United Kingdom, the amount paid in 1874 being £206,997. Of this, £102,442 went to the British Museum, £17,862 to Kew Gardens and Museum, £38,024 to South Kensington Museum, and £8998 to the Geological Museum.

The death of Sir Francis Bond Head, in July last, at the age of eighty-two, has been recently announced. This gentleman was some years ago quite prominent as an engineer, especially from his connection with sundry gold and silver mines between Buenos Ayres and the Andes. After completing his work he returned to England, and in 1835 was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He published numerous notes of travel of popular interest, although his name has not been at all prominent for several years past.

A very desirable step has recently been taken in London in the way of establishing a rendezvous, by the Linnæan Society, in its council-room at Burlington House, for naturalists visiting the city or residing there. An arrangement has been made to keep the room open from ten to six o'clock every day to members of the society and others properly introduced, and to have ready for inspection the newest publications in the line of biology. In this manner foreign naturalists visiting London will have an opportunity of meeting not only each other, but the residents of like tastes, with the means at hand to keep up their knowledge of the scientific movements of the day.

An important advance has been made in our knowledge of the antarctic seas by an expedition fitted out by the German Arctic Society of Hamburg, under the command of Captain Dallmann. His most important observations relate to Graham Land, which was discovered by Captain Biscoe in 1832. Where Biscoe saw nothing but what appeared a continuous coast-line, Dallmann has found a strait from fifteen to eighteen nautical miles wide, with highlands as far as the eye can reach, and an archipelago of islands of about sixty nautical miles in extent, which has been named after Kaiser Wilhelm.

As is well known, the most successful agricultural schools in the world are in Germany. Of the highest grade of these there are two classes—the so-called agricultural academies, which are independent of other literary institutions; and the agricultural schools, which form departments of the universities. Of the former class one of the most prosperous is that of Praskau, in Prussia, which was founded in 1847. Commencing with seven instructors, who taught thirty-two branches (*Disciplinen*), it has now nineteen instructors, teaching fifty-eight branches. The total number of students up to the present is 1736, of whom 107 were in attendance during the last winter semester. There are connected with the school fifteen so-called "branch institutions" (*Zweig-Institute*), including an agricultural experiment station; laboratories for chemistry, technology, and zootechny; museums and cabinets for natural philosophy, mineralogy, and zoology; collections of models and implements; an institute for vegetable physiology and one for anatomy; a botanical garden, and a library. These last contain material which, exclusive of buildings, is valued at $30,000.

The death of General H. W. Dufour, chief of the Swiss general staff, took place at Geneva about the middle of July. He is well known to geographers from the magnificent topographical maps of Switzerland produced under his direction.

M. Borius has, as the result of a long residence in Senegambia, accumulated a fine series of meteorological observations, and, combining his own with other similar works, has published a treatise on the climate of that region, which is a model in its way, besides giving much information concerning a region of the world whose climate is very little understood, but which has important relations in respect to the storms, especially the hurricanes, of the North Atlantic Ocean. He states that there exist in Senegambia two seasons whose meteorological characteristics are completely distinct: the dry season—from December to May—agreeable and healthy, which can only be compared to the climate of regions bordering on the great desert; and the wet season, improperly called winter, which reigns especially from the middle of June to the end of November. This latter is similar to the winter of the greater part of the equatorial and tropical regions, especially that of Cochin China and the coasts of Madagascar; but the mortality is so considerable that Senegambia in this season must be reckoned as one of the most unhealthy places on the globe.

According to the abstract of a paper to be published in the August number of Petermann's *Mittheilungen*, Dr. Rink sums up his views on the possibility of crossing Greenland in the following propositions: 1. The so-called interior ice is probably only a wall or rind, inside of which may be found valleys free from snow and ice, and possibly even wooded. 2. All Greenland probably consists of a number of islands soldered together by the universal ice covering. 3. Most probably in two or three places, where the ice fiords still disembogue, in earlier times a sound may have extended right across from the west to the east coast. 4. Glaciers and permanent snow are probably on the increase all over the land. 5. Floating icebergs are detached from the land by a sort of fall or down-flow of the land-ice glaciers.

The observations of sea temperature on the coast of the British Islands have been pursued with increasing interest during the past five years. Mr. Scott states that observations will hereafter be taken at the light-ships and light-houses, and careful records will be kept of the take of fish along the coast.

The dissemination of valuable meteorological intelligence has been remarkably facilitated in England by the daily publication in the London *Times* of a small weather chart, showing the temperature, wind, barometer, and weather, and the condition of the sea for the region within about five hundred miles of London. This chart is prepared daily by the London Meteorological Office, and furnished gratuitously to the newspapers. The stereotype plate, fit for use in a Walter printing-machine, is produced in about an hour. It is now more than four years since a similar undertaking, on a somewhat different scale, was set on foot by Sir William Mitchell in the *Shipping Gazette* of London, and which has been continued daily.

Messrs. Scott and Galloway, of England, have continued their researches into the connection between colliery explosions and the weather. As the result of the study of two hundred and twenty-four explosions, they state that the amount of fire-damp recorded in the mines increases and diminishes directly as the barometer falls and rises, proving beyond the possibility of cavil that the variations of atmospheric pressure have a marked influence on the rate at which fire-damp escapes from fissures. In the large majority of the fatal explosions the miners were using naked lights; and they suggest that if fire-damp is known to be present in any part of the mines, then either the workmen should not be allowed at any time to be near it, or else they should use safety-lamps in its vicinity, at least during the continuance of the barometric depressions. They also suggest the interest and value that would attach, both in a scientific and a practical point of view, to the keeping at coal mines of barometric records, such as are daily furnished by the self-recording apparatus which can now be obtained of every meteorological office.

For the purpose of illustrating the physical conditions to which fish are exposed at great depths, M. Moreau has subjected them to a pressure of ten atmospheres in a vessel. He finds that by bringing this on gradually the fish do not experience any ill effect, but that on suddenly relaxing the pressure they die rapidly with hemorrhage, the blood becoming spumous. This phenomenon he considers due to the disengagement of the gas which the blood had dissolved in large quantity.

The tendency which has been so marked of late years to look for a periodicity in almost every natural phenomenon corresponding to the periodical increase and decrease of the solar spots seems to have been carried to its fullest extent in the recent suggestion of Professor Fritz, according to whom the frequency of hail-storms has some connection, accidental or otherwise, with the frequency of solar spots. He finds, by collecting the records from twenty-five different European and other stations, that in general all the observations show that the years of greatest frequency since 1806 have been 1817, 1830, 1838, 1848, and 1860, which years follow or are very nearly coincident with the sun spot maxima of 1817, 1829, 1837, 1849, and 1860;

whence it would follow that the year 1871, a year of sun spot maximum, should be also a year of frequent hail-falls, as actually was generally recorded. Furthermore, seasons of infrequent hail-storms correspond to the minimum of solar spots, as in 1810, 1823, 1834, 1844, and 1856. It has also been often remarked that a winter of extensive or frequent auroras is followed in the succeeding summer by unusual hail-storms. The connection between auroras, lightning, hail, and cirrus clouds and the solar spots seems, therefore, worthy of further study.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday, 19.—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 21.—St. Matthew.
Sunday, 26.—Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 29.—St. Michael and All Angels.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 3.—Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 10.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 17.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Monday, 18.—St. Luke, the Evangelist.
Sunday, 24.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.
Sunday, 31.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

On the 7th of September the people of New Jersey will vote upon the adoption of several important amendments to their State Constitution. Among them are these three:

> "No county, city, borough, town, township, or village shall hereafter give any money or property or loan its money or credit to or in aid of any individual association or corporation, or become security for, or be directly or indirectly the owner of, any stock or bonds of any association or corporation."
>
> "No donation of land or appropriation of money shall be made by the State or any municipal corporation to or for the use of any society, association, or corporation whatever."
>
> "Article IV., section 7, paragraph 6—insert the word 'free' between the word 'public' and the word 'schools,' and add to the paragraph the following: 'The Legislature shall provide for the maintenance and support of a thorough and efficient system of free public schools for the instruction of all the children in this State between the ages of five and eighteen years.'"

The New York *Tablet* denies that the Roman Catholics of New Jersey have organized to oppose the adoption of these amendments, but says, "We hope they will not be ratified; we hope that not only the Catholics, but the fair-minded members of every other creed will unite on election-day in scratching" them. On the other hand, a committee engaged in sending documents to the members of Protestant churches in the State declares that the priests have received "strict injunctions" to secure the defeat of the amendments. The Trenton *Gazette* makes the same charge. In urging the people of the State to vote for the amendments, it says: "The Roman Catholics are every where organizing for their defeat. Catholic leagues have been formed mainly for this object. The Romanists are opposed to both of the propositions. They never have liked free schools, because, they allege, they are nurseries of Protestantism. They do not like the other amendment, because among their most cherished and firmly held designs is a diversion of some of the public money to the support of their parochial schools."

There is here a direct issue on the question of fact whether or not the Catholics of New Jersey have combined to oppose these amendments. One thing is certain—they do oppose them. The *Catholic Review*, of this city, gives this advice to Catholics: "Be sure, therefore, to scratch the proposed amendments on September 7. They mean proselytism; they mean anti-Catholicism; they mean Know-nothingism."

The Presbyterian community suffers a serious loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. E. H. Gillett, of this city. Dr. Gillett was for many years pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Harlem. He was also an author of repute, his best-known work being the *History of the Reformation under John Huss.*

The Rev. Dr. Lovick Pierce says of the Wesley Monumental Church, at Savannah, which both Northern and Southern Methodists are uniting to build: "There has, perhaps, never been a better time in our day when some unexpected, genuine, heart-cementing Methodist enthusiasm should have come up than now; and I can think of nothing better suited to bring it on than a Wesley Monumental Church in Savannah. The day will never come when Methodists can not unite on Wesley."

The agreement between the Eastern and Western Churches reached in the Bonn Conference was secured by the adoption of statements taken from the writings of John of Damascus, a church father much trusted by the theologians of the Greek communion. The Conference adopted the following preliminary resolutions:

> "1. We agree together in receiving the Œcumenical symbols and the doctrinal decisions of the ancient undivided Church.
>
> "2. We agree together in acknowledging that the addition of *Filioque* to the creed did not take place in an ecclesiastically regular manner.
>
> "3. We acknowledge on all sides the representation of the doctrine of the Holy Ghost as it is set forth by the fathers of the undivided Church.
>
> "4. We reject every proposition and every mode of expression in which in any way the acknowledgment of principles, or beginnings, or causes in the Trinity may be contained."

The Conference then formulated a statement in six propositions according with the resolutions thus adopted. The statement translates the exact language of John of Damascus, and is, as might be expected from the nature of the subject, highly metaphysical.

A ministerial order has been issued from Berlin declaring that Dr. Martin, Bishop of Paderborn, by his unauthorized departure from Wesel, where he was "interned," has forfeited his rights of citizenship.

The programme for the Anglican Church Congress, which will be held October 5-8, at Stoke-upon-Trent, is announced. It is very full, and embraces a great variety of topics. The Bishop of Lichfield will preside; the opening sermon will be by the Bishop of Rochester. The first question—"How may the Church of England and the Churches in communion with her be drawn more closely together?"—will be discussed by representatives of the various Anglican bodies. The attendance at the Congress in former years has numbered as many as 5000 persons.

It is said that the Prussian government contemplates no further ecclesiastical legislation. That will depend, we should suppose, on circumstances. It is reported also that all the Roman Catholic clergy in the province of Posen holding state appointments have signified their acceptance of the May laws. Archbishop Ledochowski has been informed that his imprisonment will end in February, 1876, part of his sentence having been remitted. The priests in Posen who have been imprisoned for refusing to reveal the name of the secret administrator of the diocese have been set at liberty. Bishop Cybichowski, who has acted as the suffragan of Bishop Ledochowski in Gnesen, has been expelled by the government from the province.

The first effort of the Institut Canadien of Montreal to obtain sepulture for the remains of Joseph Guibord in the Catholic cemetery, as ordered by the Queen's Privy Council, has failed of success. On the afternoon of September 2 the hearse, with the body, approached the gate of the cemetery, in charge of M. Doutré, attorney, and others. A crowd of 300 roughs gathered about the gate, and drove off the hearse and procession with stones. A request was sent to the city authorities for police and soldiers. The crowd soon increased to the number of 2000 persons, who shouted, "Curse him!" "Curse him!" and declared that the body should never be buried in consecrated ground. No military appearing, M. Doutré retired with the hearse, and the crowd dispersed. This will hardly be the end of the affair. It is not the habit of the British government to permit the execution of the orders of its Privy Council to be hindered by a mob.

In Ohio, as in New Jersey, the religious question enters largely into the approaching elections. The "Ghegan law," as it is termed, does not of itself present a direct issue. It gives to the clergy of every sect the privilege of ministering religiously to persons holding their faith who are confined in penitentiaries and reformatory institutions throughout the State. It is charged that the solid vote of the Catholics was promised to the party by whose votes the Ghegan law was passed. The charge is denied by Catholics; but whether true or not, the fact remains that the religious question is at present uppermost in the politics of Ohio, and we call attention to it as one of the signs of the times.

Before the adjournment of the English Parliament for the recess most of the ecclesiastical reform bills were withdrawn or voted down. The Church Patronage Reform Bill (withdrawn) and the Burials Act Amendment Bill (voted down) were deemed to be of the utmost importance by their friends. The Intoxicating Liquors Bill, designed to limit Sunday traffic, was withdrawn. The St. Albans Bishopric Bill became a law, as also the bill amending the Sabbath Observance Act of "the twenty-first year of the reign of George III." This amendment provides that proceedings under the Sunday law specified shall be instituted only by her Majesty's Attorney-General or by his direction. The decision which closed the Brighton Aquarium on Sundays undoubtedly led to this amendment.

Much excitement has been created among the Catholics of Kentucky by the suspension of one priest and the transfer of others to new parishes. One of the priests—Father De Vries, of Bowling Green—has appealed to Rome. Bishop M'Closkey has dispatched two friends to Rome to represent his side of the controversy. In a public address he stated that the removals were made because of the refusal of these priests to render an annual account of their receipts and disbursements of money. These cases and that of Gerdeman show that in the financial administration of the Roman Catholic parishes the people can not know any thing or control any thing.

Very important was the resolution adopted by the Christian Union Convention, which assembled at Sea Grove, near Cape May, New Jersey, August 25. The members of the Convention very plainly charged on the Roman Catholics the design of interfering with the public schools, and said: "Believing that the perpetuity of the institutions which under God secure to us the enjoyment of our civil and religious liberty depends largely upon the permanency and efficiency of a well-conducted system of education, with the Bible as the text-book of morals, we call upon our countrymen to resist by all lawful means any and all efforts to destroy or impair the usefulness of our system of public instruction, and to unite with us in the endeavor to prevent the appropriation of State funds for the maintenance of sectarian institutions."

At their late Conference the English Wesleyans reported their number of members to be 358,062, an increase during the year of 6012. The Rev. W. B. Pope and the Rev. Dr. W. H. Rigg were appointed delegates to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which meets in 1876. A very important discussion occurred during the session of the relations of the Wesleyan body to English politics. One of the ministers, the Rev. John Bond, had attended a meeting of the Liberation Society, and was censured for so doing by his District Meeting. He offered in the Conference a motion recognizing the right of Wesleyan ministers "to all the privileges of British citizenship in matters that concern the social, moral, and religious interests of the nation." This motion brought up the question of the attitude of the Wesleyans toward the State Church. Mr. Bond and those who sided with him claimed for Wesleyan ministers a larger liberty, especially the liberty to act freely with Dissenters. The ex-President, Dr. Punshon, deprecated such a concession. He "agreed that they had been obsequious in their bearing toward the Church of England; he agreed that the Church of England had ceased to be the bulwark of the Reformation and a defense of Protestant principles; he also agreed with Mr. Bond as to disestablishment; but he could not accept his resolutions, which, in his opinion, would result in division." The censure of Mr. Bond by the District Meeting was finally rescinded, whereupon Mr. Bond withdrew his motion. All the indications show that the Wesleyans will incline more hereafter to the Dissenters than they have done in former years.

SEA-BANK FARM.

By HENRY JACKSON,

Author of "Gilbert Rugge," "Argus Fairbairn," "A First Friendship," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A PEEP AT OUR HOUSEHOLD.

I do not suppose that the portion of the Lincolnshire coast bordering on the estuary known by the prosaic title of "The Wash" could ever be considered a lively or a picturesque locality. Neither do I suppose that Sea-Bank Farm ever looked any thing else than a dull and desolate place at any hour of the day or any day of the year. But if there was one season when its dreariness weighed more heavily upon the spirits than another, I think it was that period of a winter's afternoon when daylight was waning, and a cold sea-fog was rolling in from the German Ocean to shroud us in its folds, and shut us out from the world for the rest of the night. At such seasons a low sighing wind would creep round the house and moan lugubriously in the chinks of doors and windows, as though the ghost of some long-dead Viking from the northern seas, hidden in the hurrying scud, was revisiting the scenes of past deeds of violence, and raising a wailing cry as it passed over the house roof. The leafless woodbine nailed around the parlor window would rustle against the pane as though it too heard the cry and shuddered. Then, bending over my work by the fire-light, I would stitch away faster than ever, nor dare to look around me.

About this period of the afternoon Aunt Craik's voice would grow more nasal and querulous than usual, and an unceasing strain of complaint and remonstrance between mistress and maid would issue from the kitchen whenever the door opened. Whether Aunt Craik was growing tired of her day's labor (which in winter commenced before daylight) or whether she began to want her tea, it is certain that the querulousness of her voice and the "shortness" of her temper were always noticeable about this hour. Consequently I generally found myself looking at the clock in the parlor corner every few minutes after darkness set in, longing for the hour of Brail's return from work.

Sitting thus one winter's afternoon, at the close of a dull, leaden-hued day, I was startled by a tapping at the window-pane, and looking up, beheld against the glass the face of my brother Brailswood, lighted up by the glimmer of the fire. He held up something to my view, and smiled. In another moment I had slipped round to the front-door and let him in.

"Hush, Brail! Come in quietly; Aunt Craik would be so angry if she saw you come in the front way. The passage has just been washed, and the door-step hearth-stoned. Pray wipe your shoes well."

We stole into the parlor as secretly as though entry into the house by the front-door were a capital offense. "Back-doors for servants and the family, and the front for visitors and funerals," was Aunt Craik's notion of the right uses of house entrances.

"I have been over to Clambeach, Dorry, and what do you think I've brought you back?" began Brail, with the same smiling look on his face, as we stood by the fire. He was a tall strong fellow of nineteen, dressed in velveteen and corduroys. He had curly chestnut hair and good clear blue eyes, and, when he lifted his hat, showed a fair forehead, which contrasted oddly with his weather-tanned cheeks.

"Been to Clambeach!" I exclaimed. "Oh, Brail, how could you? You know father said there were the turnips to cut, and the wheat to be got ready for a sample for next week's market."

I was frightened at the consequences that might ensue from this breach of duty.

"I took care to do all he told me before I went on my own pleasure," said Brail, curtly, the smile fading from his face. "Don't begin to find fault; there's always plenty of that here. I thought I was pretty sure of pleasing you, if nobody else."

He sat down with a vexed, disappointed air, and began untying the parcel.

"But if father had chanced to meet you in the town, Brail? Surely he did not see you?"

"No; I took good care to keep clear of the King's Arms, where I knew he would be safe for the afternoon. It's a pretty thing, isn't it, for a son to be afraid of meeting his father in broad daylight, when he's on an errand he needn't be ashamed of? Folks must think I'm a precious scamp, judging by how I'm treated at home." He stopped, and breaking the knot he was unfastening with a tug, said: "Dorothy, I feel sometimes that this game can't go on much longer. It's more galling to me than it used to be; and—and I think sometimes I'll run away from home, and enlist as a soldier."

"Oh, Brail, don't talk so!" I felt my heart beat fast at his words. I well knew that the threat was neither idle nor unprovoked.

"If you care to see what I've brought you, here it is," said he, with the same dissatisfied look; and he placed a small square box before me on the table.

My brother's face wore an expression as unlike that with which he had first greeted me as could well be. His words and his sudden dejection distressed me. It was not often he displayed his sense of the tyranny that darkened his life. "Evils that can't be cured must be endured," was a maxim constantly on Aunt Craik's lips; and this bit of philosophy was the basis, I often thought, of the reticence and endurance shown by her nephew.

"And you have been to Clambeach, Brail, on purpose to buy me this!" I exclaimed, as, opening the box, I discovered a set of ivory chess-men.

Brail nodded his head.

"How good of you! The very thing I wanted! And you will teach me to play?"

"If you are allowed to play, which you had better not be too sure about," returned Brail, gloomily.

The doubt was not so unreasonable as might appear. Last winter my brother had learned to play chess at a neighbor's house; but on expressing a wish to introduce the game at home, my father had ridiculed the request as "an uppish notion;" and my aunt had condemned it as bordering on sin.

"We didn't want such fallals at Sea-Bank Farm, where there was always enough work in-doors and out, both for men and women," said the former; and the latter protested that "games always led to gambling or vice of some sort, as far as she could see."

"At any rate, we can sometimes play on Thursdays," I replied, after a pause. "Father never gets home from market till late, and aunt is always busy ironing after tea."

"Yes, I had thought of that," said Brail. "I have made you a board myself, and painted the squares; so we are all set up."

But while he spoke a voice summoned me to the kitchen.

"Come, Dorothy! Here, it's near half past five, and not a cup or saucer laid yet, and the kettle boilin' the bottom out. If you'd ha' been working ever since six o'clock this morning, as I've been, you'd have tea ready i' right time, I'll warrant; but it's the old ones as must do the work nowadays, for the young ones to sit idle, as far as I sees."

Such was Aunt Craik's greeting, as I opened the kitchen door.

"I shall not be long, aunt; I did not think it was so late."

"*Think!* No, indeed; I wish you *did* think. What would become of your father's house, I wonder, unless there was somebody about who did think a little? See, here's a nice lot of things to be ironed to-night, before ever I lay my head on my pillow."

"Shall I come and help you after tea, aunt?" I asked, the promised evening's pleasure vanishing as I spoke.

"Not if the Lord gives me strength to do the work as is set afore me. I never have neglected to iron brother Joshua's shirts, or crimp my own night-cap frills; and I'm not goin' to give up yet, nor take to my bed, in a poor way, I trust. No, Dorothy, as long as I'm spared, which mayn't be for long, nobody but me touches your father's shirts."

The occasion scarcely warranted the solemnity with which Aunt Craik spoke; but it was one of her peculiarities to regard her life as held on a very precarious tenure, and to speak as though her dissolution might at any time be expected on the shortest notice—an apprehension which, considering the excellent health she enjoyed, was not shared by her friends generally.

"When it pleases the Lord to send me His summons, Dorothy," went on Aunt Craik, "then you may take charge of your father's linen; and I hope you'll always do by it as I've done by it. I may have my sins and short-comings to answer for, like the best of us; but I know that when sister Gedge and me comes to meet again, she can't cast it at me as ever I neglected her husband's shirts, or failed to do by 'em as she'd have done by 'em herself."

There was a moral support in this reflection that I am sure enabled Aunt Craik to patiently endure the heat of the kitchen fire and the irons on the hottest day of summer.

In a few minutes she had joined us at the tea-table; and as I had no wish to make a secret of Brail's visit to Clambeach, and considered an open policy the best, I drew the conversation thereto as skillfully as I could.

"What, been to market and never let me know!" cried Aunt Craik, setting down her tea-cup in amazement. "Thou'st got about as good a head-piece, Brail, as thy father. Here have I been put to it for starch all the week, and not a dozen candles in the house; and yet you never come to ask whether there's any marketing you can do for me. I'll have to get things again at Fowler's shop, down at the Drove, I expect; and one might as well throw one's money into the Wash. I hate dealing with them little shops—all the refuse of the big ones, and bad weight into the bargain, as far as I sees. I can't pretend to go up to Clambeach oftener than fortnight markets. I don't know how some women manages who goes up once a week reg'lar. They must leave their houses in a pretty state, I'm thinking."

Ever since I was a small child Aunt Craik had been in the habit of paying a visit every alternate Thursday to Clambeach for the purpose of purchasing her groceries and other comestibles for home consumption. On these occasions the whole household was aroused at a very early period of the morning, in order that Aunt Craik might get away by half past eight; and at that hour she always left our house in the gig, accompanied generally by a couple of goodly baskets of butter, another of eggs, and some fat fowls, for which she invariably got the highest price in the market.

"Ah, there's no dependence on men for shopping or thinking of things as concerns the house," continued Aunt Craik. "Poor Craik was just as bad; order short 'dips,' and he'd bring you long 'fours,' or green tea, and he'd bring you black. But I never heard you ask your father's leave to go up to market to-day, Brail. Now surely you didn't take on yourself to go wi'out?"

"Yes, aunt, I did; and for a very good reason, too."

"There ain't any good reasons for sons disobeying their fathers, not as far as I sees," retorted Aunt Craik, shaking her head. "You know your father wouldn't ha' given his word to your goin' up to town."

"And that was why I never asked him," replied Brail, curtly. "It stands to reason that I'm not going to be treated like a child all my life, and afraid to stir off the farm. There isn't another fellow in all the marshes who's kept down as I am, with never a penny in my pocket and scarcely a will of my own. It's a shame; and there's plenty of folks that say it, too!"

At this outburst Aunt Craik, who looked as if she could scarcely believe her ears, rose from her chair, and shaking the crumbs from her lap into the fire-place, said, with her eyes fixed solemnly on her nephew:

"Brail, thou'rt a graceless lad, and thou'lt never come to good if thou lend'st thy tongue to such talk as that. Money in thy pockets! Why, what hast 'ee done wi' the crown-piece I gave thee last New-Year's Day? And didn't thy father gie thee half a sovereign to put i' the savings-bank last sheep fair as was? Talk o' money—why, when I was a girl, your father and me had a shilling apiece given us at fair time and eighteenpence at Christmas, and lucky we thought ourselves to get that. Wait till thou knows the vally o' money afore thou talks i' that way."

"What might have been right when you and father were children, aunt, wouldn't be just to Brail now," I ventured to remark. "You forget he's growing a man."

I could see that Brail disdained to argue the matter with Aunt Craik, and only smiled in contempt at the view she took of it. Moreover, I had a strong suspicion that the sums of money just alluded to had gone that very day to the purchase of my box of chess-men—an additional reason for undertaking my brother's defense.

"Growing a man, i'deed!" exclaimed Aunt Craik. "What notions next? I suppose you'll be thinking yourself a woman soon, Dorothy, and expect me to give up the keys and the butter-money, eh? This is what comes of your fine schooling. I told your father how it would be. 'Let the lass once leave home, Joshua,' said I, 'and you'll see what she'll be fit for when she comes back. Them boarding-schools only fills their heads wi' high notions, and teaches them to be afraid of soiling their hands wi' house-work; and so you'll find one day,' says I, 'as sure as your name's Joshua Gedge.' But men never takes advice, and your father wouldn't take mine, though he'll rue it yet if he lives."

I had turned the direction of my aunt's anger, and that was all I desired. I well knew that the twelve months I had passed at school had not worked the undesirable change just intimated. Since my return home I had never allowed the taste for reading I had lately acquired to interfere with my domestic duties; and with the exception of this taste (which was inexpressibly dear to me) I had gained little or nothing by the years' residence in a country boarding-school, although Aunt Craik always talked as though I had returned home full of dangerous knowledge, and acquainted with every frivolous and useless accomplishment known to the female sex. Bidding me clear away the tea and then get to my needle, as I ought, Aunt Craik quitted us with a frown of displeasure on her face, and betook herself to her ironing.

"Aunt talked of schooling just now," began Brail, when we were left alone. "I wonder whether she thinks I've got too much learning in my head? Old Daddy Croft's night school at the Drove is the only one I ever went to. I couldn't write my name decently till you taught me last winter."

I could see the flush of shame on Brail's cheek; but I turned the subject by reminding him of his promise to teach me to play this wondrous new game; and we sat down to it forthwith. We had been thus engaged for some half hour when Brail suddenly put down the piece whose functions and responsibilities he was explaining to me, and said:

"I thought I heard the farm-yard gate bang. Hark!"

We listened, but heard nothing except the wind among the trees in the orchard, and the occasional bark of the yard dog.

"My fancy, I suppose; let's go on again," said Brail; and he resumed his instructions.

But ere two minutes had passed there came a sound of heavy footsteps on the kitchen floor, and a well-known voice calling for pipes and brandy in the parlor.

Like a pair of criminals caught in the act of transgression, we stared at each other in confusion.

"Let us put them away," said I, about to sweep off the men from the board and hurry them into the closet.

"Nonsense, sit still;" and Brail laid his hand tightly on mine, and as he spoke, a sudden look of firmness passed into his face.

CHAPTER II.

FATHER AND SON.

The door opened, and my father stood on the threshold. There was some one behind him in the passage engaged in wiping his shoes on the mat—a work which he accomplished with considerable energy and hard breathing.

"Come along, man; yar've polished yer boots enough. They ain't no worse than mine. Come in, I say."

The person whom my father addressed shuffled into the doorway, and, holding a battered hat, which he had just removed from his head, in one hand, smoothed down his hair with the other, and jerked an awkward bow at me.

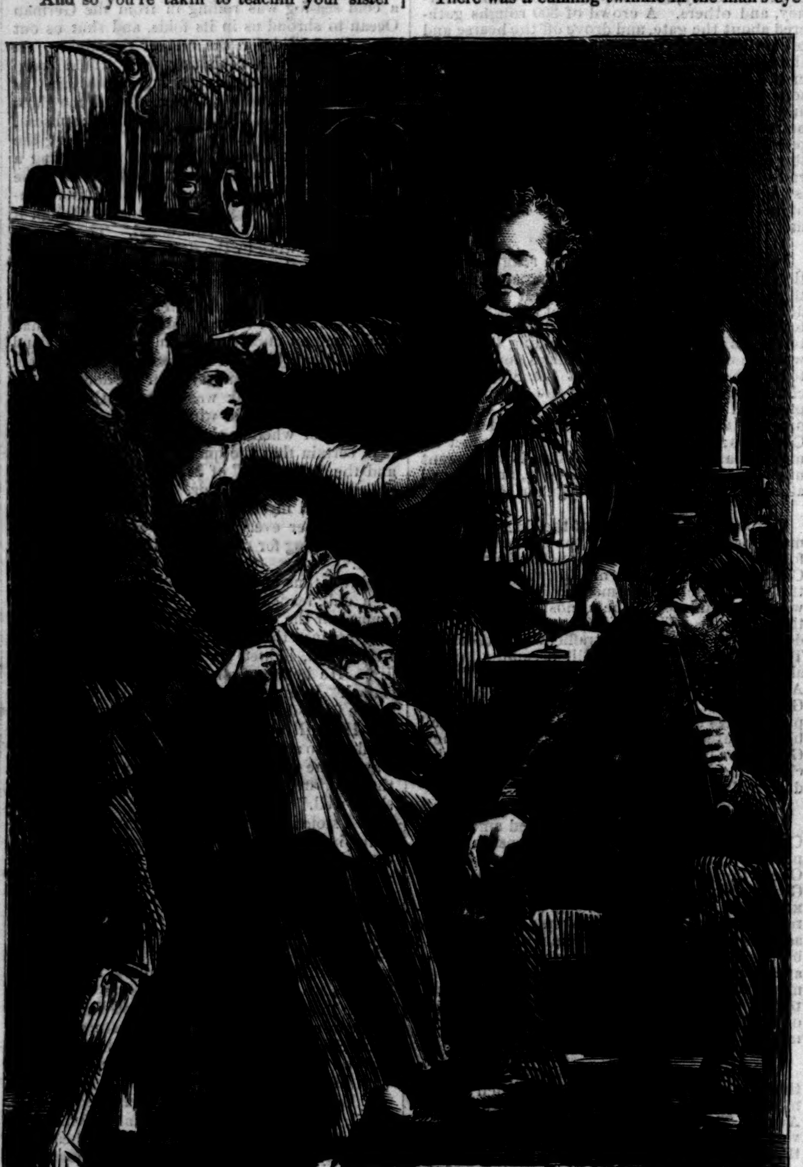
"Now, Thurston, what will you take? Beer or spirits?"

"Thank 'ee, Maister Gedge, I'll tak' a little gin-and-water, by your leave;" and Saul Thurston, the rat-catcher (for it was no other), seated himself gingerly on the edge of a chair, as though the habit was a luxury that ought to be sparingly indulged in.

"Get out the liquors, Dorothy, and— Halloo! What in the name o' patience hast 'ee gotten there?" My father pointed to the chess-board. "If thou'st got nothing better to do than waste thy time over these gimcracks, go and help thy aunt in the laundry, my lass, or get and darn thy stockin's; they'll be no worse for a few stitches, I'll warrant."

Now stocking-mending was my father's prescribed remedy for all feminine vexations and delinquencies. There was a prevailing impression on his mind that stockings always did want mending, and I believe he thought that their wearing into holes was not so much the result of natural causes as a special provision on the part of Providence for securing occupation for idle women.

"And so you're takin' to teachin' your sister to waste her evenings like yourself, eh, Sir?" inquired my father, turning to Brail, who had hitherto sat by the table, his face half shaded by his hand, silently regarding the chess-board. "This is how you spend your time when I am away from home, is it?"



"LEAVE THE HOUSE, I SAY."

As my father spoke, he tapped his son on the shoulder with the long clay pipe he was filling. Brail raised his head and said: "As well do that as sit and sleep by the fireside, I suppose. There isn't much else to do after dark;" and he let his head fall doggedly again, as though intent on the position of the game.

"Then I'd find summut to do, if I was you," rejoined my father. "When I was your age, I'd never so much spare time on my hands as not to know what to do wi' it. The day's work never ended wi' me till it was time to go to bed. That was how it was, I know, when you and me was young men, eh, Thurston?"

"You're right there, Maister Gedge; but times is changed, and young men too," muttered Thurston, with an ill-natured chuckle that intensified the dislike I felt toward the low-browed, sinister-looking man.

I had often seen the rat-catcher in our farm-yard with his horrible ferrets; but he had never been introduced into the parlor before, and I argued no good from his presence there to-night. Had I consulted my own inclination, I should have left the room on his entrance; but something told me that my presence might perhaps have a tranquilizing effect upon the stormy elements around, and disperse the thunder in the air. So I got out my work and took a seat near my brother. As for Brail, he neither cared nor tried to conceal his aversion for the guest my father had brought home with him. Saul Thurston bore any thing but a good character in the neighborhood, and although his forefathers had been respectable farmers, and there were people living who could recollect his grandfather living at the Drove House Farm, yet the present representative of the family was unquestionably a disreputable person. So when the rat-catcher chuckled at my father's sally, Brail raised his head and glared at him in no friendly fashion.

My father noticed the look, and in a sharp voice bade his son reach the tobacco-box to his guest. Brail obeyed with an ill grace.

"Now, Sir, hold the gentleman a light."

Brail hesitated; but I jumped up and offered one myself.

"Thank 'ee, miss; I had raythur make use of a hot coal;" and Thurston stooped down and applied his pipe to the bars of the fire-grate.

There was a cunning twinkle in the man's eye that told me he had observed what was going on between father and son. I held my head over my work, and stitched away again, paying little heed to the conversation that ensued. It related chiefly to the worrying of rats and the achievements of a certain terrier, which seemed to be the foe of all small animals and the bosom-friend of Mr. Thurston. Our visitors at Sea-Bank Farm were not generally remarkable for refinement, but there was a coarseness in Thurston's speech and manner that was revolting. I saw Brail's eyes flash at times, and heard his breath come fast. Suddenly I felt the table shake.

"Come, Mr. Thurston, you forget where you are. This isn't the Blue Boar tap-room. I'd have you recollect my sister's sitting by."

The words were blurted out in hot haste.

"Phew!" my father gave a low whistle. "What now? Is the lad daft? What do you mean by takin' folks to task i' this way? Walk off, Sir, if you can't behave civilly."

At any other time my father would probably have been sensible that his son's remark was not uncalled for. But to-night, alas! his intellect was clouded and his temper heated by the potations he had indulged in at the farmers' ordinary at Clambeach. At the time of which I write it was a fortunate household whose head and master returned home sober from market every week. If we were not of that number, we had at least the miserable satisfaction of knowing that our misfortune was shared by most of our neighbors, and our disgrace not a singular one.

My brother checked the angry reply upon his lips. He could see that his father was not in the mood to be argued with to-night.

"I've a mind to make you beg Mr. Thurston's pardon," continued my father, taking up a bishop from the chess-board, and using it as a tobacco-stopper. "If I thought any body took notice of the sulky fits of a boy like you, I'd do it, too;" and he tossed the desecrated prelate back again on the table.

"Ain't no need, Mr. Gedge, for that. The young master and me ain't a-goin' to quarrel," laughed Thurston, as he helped himself to the gin-and-water. With a malicious grin he went on: "By-the-way, Master Brail, I see the young mare as you was on to-day has got one of her shoes loose. I wouldn't advise you to ride her wi' her feet like that, 'specially on them coggles in Clambeach streets, which is paved all nohow, as one may say."

The effect of Thurston's speech was instantaneous. The lighted match had been applied to the mine under our feet which I had been trying to protect from chance sparks all the evening. The explosion followed immediately.

"What the d——l, Thurston, are you talking about?" cried my father. "Do you mean to say that you've seen my son on horseback in Clambeach streets to-day?"

"Well, if it warn't him, it must ha' been his ghost, and the mare's ghost too," replied Saul, grimly.

"What's this mean? Better not tell me a lie, Sir."

My father laid down his pipe as he spoke, and looked at his son with wrath gathering in his face.

"I'm not going to tell you a lie. He *did* see me, I suppose. At all events, I went up to town this afternoon."

"What for?" demanded my father, exasperated by his son's calm demeanor.

"To buy a set of chess-men, and see if I could pick up a book I wanted."

"Chess-men! books!" roared my father; "and who gave you leave to spend *my* money on such like?"

"The money was my own," was the reply.

"Your own? Why, there ain't nothing in this house that's your own! You'll call my horses your own next! You dare to take that mare out o' the stable, and ride her up town wi'out my leave! As sure as my name's Gedge, I've a mind to lay a rope's end about your back."

I saw Brail's nostrils dilate, but he uttered not a word.

"Ay, you may look at me, Sir; I mean what I say. Let me catch you riding one o' my horses unbidden, or showing your face at market again wi'out my leave, and I'll horsewhip you."

"Father, pray don't speak so," I interposed. "You forget—"

"Hold your tongue, lass! Speak when you're spoken to."

I had generally more influence over my father than any one in his moments of anger, but to-night my words only met with this reply.

"And you sit there giving yourself these fine airs because I've brought an old acquaintance home wi' me to-night, do you?" went on my father, who was, I believe, as much provoked by his son's undisguised contempt for the man opposite to him as by the act of daring insubordination he had that day been guilty of. "Mr. Thurston ain't good enough for your company, eh?"

Had Brail retorted, a war of words would probably have ensued, and my father's anger have worked itself off as usual in violent threats; but to-night my brother showed a self-control I had never seen in him before. He only replied, in a thick voice, "Better not say any more, father; you've said enough."

"Said enough, have I? Oh, oh! So I'm to be told when to speak and when to keep still in my own house, am I? I'll tell you what it is, my lad, either you or me must be master in this house. Take up that candle and walk off to bed, or else beg Thurston's pardon for your d——d airs."

"Beg his pardon! What have I done, father, that I am to be spoken to like this?" cried Brail, starting up with a crimson face, his self-control broken down at last. "If this game's to go on, I can't and won't live under your roof. I'm ready to work, and do work as hard as any laborer on the farm, but I won't be treated like a dog. What have I done that I'm to be spoken to in this way?"

"Done? Why, lamed one o' my horses, I expect," cried my father, in a towering rage. "You can't live under my roof, eh, young man? Then walk out and find a better one! Walk out, I say!"

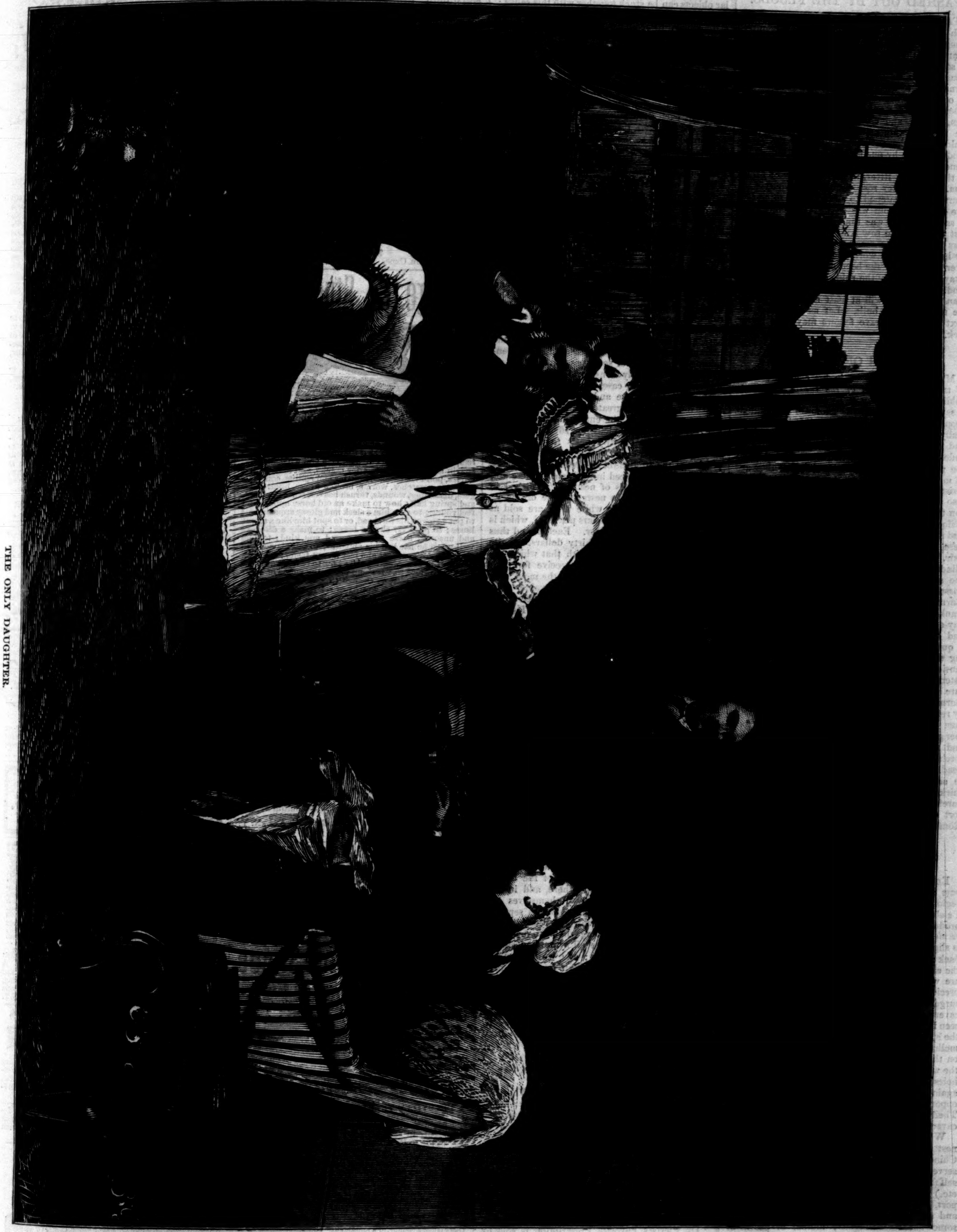
My father pointed to the door, and rising from his seat, overturned in his haste the chess-board, and sent the pieces rolling in all directions on the floor.

"Leave the house, I say, and don't come back till you've learned to behave yourself;" and as he spoke my father stamped his foot on the floor, and ground one of the chess-men to powder.

Brail stared at the infuriated man as though he half doubted whether he was in his senses; but seeing that his father would not hesitate to put him out by force if he remained, he whispered as I clung to him, "Don't cry, Dorry," and putting me aside, he strode from the room with head erect, but a face from which all color had fled.

I heard the house door open, heard it close again with a bang, and then I sank upon a chair, and cried as though my heart would break.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

WHO shall win Elsie, the maiden so fair?
She has tangled the sunbeams into her hair;
Like the flush of the sea-shell the soft blushes rise,
And the dusk of the midnight is found in her eyes.
Who shall win Elsie, and coax her to roam
Away from the love of her childhood's fair home?

To many a suitor has Elsie said "No,"
When they whispered their story in words soft and low;
With rippling laughter she answered them there:
"Would you win me away from my father's fond care?
Oh, there is not a place under heaven's high dome
Like the arms of the dear ones that love me at home!

"Though friends should be many and faces be fair,
And the rose flush of pleasure illumine the air,
Though the voice should be dear that would bid me remain,
I should long for the home of my childhood again,
And Elsie could never be happy to roam
Away from the fond hearts that love her at home."

When the lord of the county his passion expressed,
She laid her fair head on her mother's soft breast;
Proud was his title and broad was his land,
But she answered him "No" when he offered his hand.
"I care for no castle with turret and dome;
I am safe in the arms of my mother at home."

And then a tall sailor came wooing her there;
He praised her bright eyes and her soft sunny hair;
Across the wide ocean he coaxed her to go,
But she smiled at the sailor, and answered, "No, no;
The world is too wide, and I care not to roam
Away from the love of the dear ones at home."

But at last comes a lover—the spell is begun.
Have you learned, O sweet Elsie! that hearts can be won?
A witchcraft is working within the pure breast;
She is spreading her wings for a flight from the nest.
Fair Elsie is captured; she's longing to roam
Away from the love of the dear ones at home.

WASHED OUT BY THE FLOODS.

THE recent disastrous floods that swept with such resistless force over the entire country brought ruin to many households, destroying in an hour the accumulations of a lifetime, and in some cases making beggars of the victims. Houses were torn from their foundations and borne away to destruction, crops literally washed out, cattle drowned, and ruin was wrought generally. Here and there it was even worse; men, women, and children were overtaken by the rushing waters and drowned before help could reach them. An incident of the great floods is given by our artist on page 760. The scene is at Fort Peck, a wild, solitary settlement on the Missouri River, in the Territory of Montana. The water rose six feet in twenty-four hours, and threatened to sweep every thing before it. The cabin was so near the bank that to save it whole was impossible, and the next best thing was to saw it in two. This the settlers did, and the result proved their wisdom, for hardly had the work been finished when the river washed over the bend and carried the half away, leaving only the ruins of the chimney behind. The remaining half of the cabin is better than nothing; it will at least afford shelter till the new house is built. Let us hope that the next time these brave fellows may have better luck.

NATIVES OF BURMAH.

MR. FRANK VINCENT, in his charming book of travels, *The Land of the White Elephant*, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, has much to say of the manners and customs of this strange people that is very interesting. "It is now generally believed," he says, "that the Burmese, and indeed all the various races and nations of Indo-China, migrated at a remote period from the plateaus of Central Asia, and that they are of mixed origin, possessing some of the characteristics of the Hindoo (Caucasian) and some also of the Chinaman (Mongol). Thus in person they are very short and stout, with the small oblique eyes, high and prominent cheek-bones, and flat, short, and broad nose of the Tartar, Chinese, and Japanese races, and the 'raven black' hair, pearly teeth, and olive-brown skin of the Hindoos and the Malays; and though of nearly the same stature as the latter, they generally possess the stouter frames of the former. The Burmese are a simple-minded, indolent people, frank and courteous, fond of amusement and gay-colored apparel, friendly among themselves, and hospitable to strangers. They appreciate a quiet life, smoking and gossiping and sleeping throughout the day, and listening to wild music and singing through half of the night; 'stern' ambition is among them, indeed, a very rare trait of character." The costume of the Burmese is remarkably simple, as may be seen by referring to our engraving on page 761. Both men and women wear their hair long; the former gather it in a bunch on the top of their heads, and the latter comb it straight back from the forehead and tie it in a knot on the back of the head. The men wear gay-colored silk bandanas, in adjusting which they sometimes entwist a thick lock of hair. Both sexes generally walk barefooted, though the women sometimes wear a sort of leather sandal made after the classical Roman model.

BIRDS' NESTS AS FOOD.

EDIBLE birds' nests are found for the most part in the Southern Archipelago. The chief region of supply is that comprising Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the Sulu Islands. The bird which produces the nests is a little swallow, *Hirundo esculenta*. This salangan swallow, as it is called, is slightly bigger than a blue tit; it has a brown back; but the under surface of its body, as also the extremities of the feathers in its forked tail, are white. It flies with wonderful speed and precision; and on the Javan coast, where the surge breaks wildly against the precipitous and caverned walls of rock, the little birds may be seen in swarms darting hither and thither through the spray. They probably feed on fragments of mollusks and other small animals which abound on those coasts. As you watch the surface of the water rising and falling, you notice how the holes in the rock are now concealed, now open again; and the little creatures, watching their opportunity, dart in and out with lightning speed. Their nests are fixed to the arched roofs of these caverns.

What sort of a thing, then, is the edible bird's nest that ministers to the taste of the luxurious Chinese? It is that portion of the fabric which serves as a sort of bracket on which the nest itself (made of grass, sea-weed fibres, small leaves, etc.) is built. There are two forms of this support, one flat like an oyster-shell, the other deep and spoon-shaped. It is a transparent mass, somewhat like isinglass, mother-of-pearl, or white horn, and is of animal origin. It was formerly supposed that this gelatine-like mass might be prepared in the bird's crop from sea-weed and other marine plants. This, however, is a mistake. If one opens the animal's stomach about the time of building, it is found to contain insects, but no vegetable matter; moreover, in all species of the family of swifts, the crop is wanting. Dr. Bernstein has found that at that season the salivary glands under the tongue are enormously developed. On opening the bill they are seen as two large swellings, one on either side, and these chiefly supply the material in question. They secrete a viscid mucous substance like a concentrated solution of gum-arabic, which can be drawn out of the mouth in long threads; and in the air it soon dries, and is found to be the same (even microscopically) as the bracket material. Blades of grass and similar objects can be stuck together with this saliva; and there is a species of salangan (supposed, but erroneously, to feed on sea-weed) which does not make a pedicel or bracket on which to build its nest, but merely sticks together, by means of its saliva, some grass, dry leaves, and sea-weed, and fixes them directly to the rock. The nests of this species, however, are not of great commercial importance.

The salangan swallows breed four times in the year, each time building a fresh nest. The nests are plucked three times, and thus only one brood is left to the birds. There is no perceptible diminution, however, of their number, which is pretty accurately known, as the nests are counted and two birds are reckoned to each. The five caverns at Karang Bollong, in Java, thus contain 330,000 swallows, from which about 500,000 nests are annually taken. The plucking takes place always at the time of "ripeness;" that is, when the majority of the nests contain young that are just beginning to be fledged. When they are fully fledged, the nests have become colored and useless. All the young birds and eggs found are cruelly thrown into the sea. The best "harvest" is in the months of July and August; the next best, in November and December; the worst, in April and May. The collected nests are cleaned and assorted; they are first packed in bags of bamboo fibre or palm bast, and the merchants again pack them for the market (after a second assortment) in cases containing a half picul, or seventy pounds.

China is the only considerable recipient of these cases; the few cases which are brought as a curiosity to Europe and America are hardly worth mention. The greatest trade in birds' nests is done with Canton, the entire import there being reckoned at 1200 piculs, or 168,000 pounds. We may reckon on fifty nests to the pound, so that altogether 8,400,000 nests, or, from three pluckings, the products of 2,800,000 pairs of birds, are annually introduced into China. There are, principally, two kinds of nests distinguished in Canton—the mandarin nests and the ordinary; the former, or perfectly white kind, are sold at three to four thousand dollars per picul, which is double their weight in silver. Each pound thus costs in China twenty to thirty dollars, a quite exorbitant price compared with that which the salangan pluckers themselves receive for their dangerous work, and which is, at the most, only ten to twelve per cent. of the market value. The second quality of nests are sold at sixteen hundred to twenty-eight hundred dollars. There is a small trade done in the kind of nest built by the so-called sea-weed-eating salangan, referred to above; these are sold at two hundred dollars the picul. The nests are dissolved in water or broth, and so taken as soup. It is highly spiced with minor substances. This forms an entrée which is rarely wanting on the tables of the wealthy Chinese, and never from that of the imperial court at Pekin. The Chinese set a high value upon it, considering it one of the best stimulants; but for this opinion there seems to be little or no ground. The most recent analysis of the nests we owe to Professor Troschel, of Bonn. He finds that the material does not consist of specially nourishing or stimulating substances, but is quite similar in constitution to any animal saliva. Thus the Chinese pay dearly for what has really no intrinsic value.

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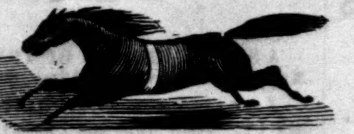

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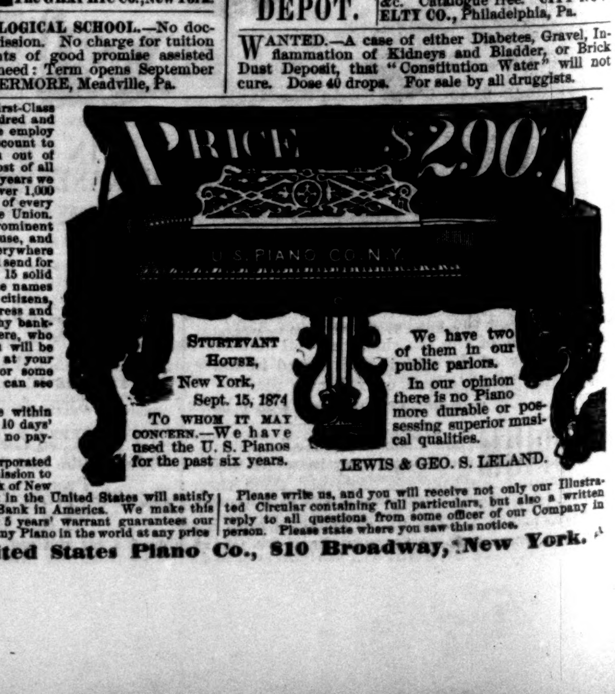

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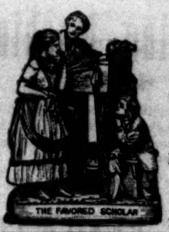

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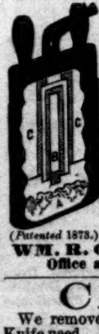

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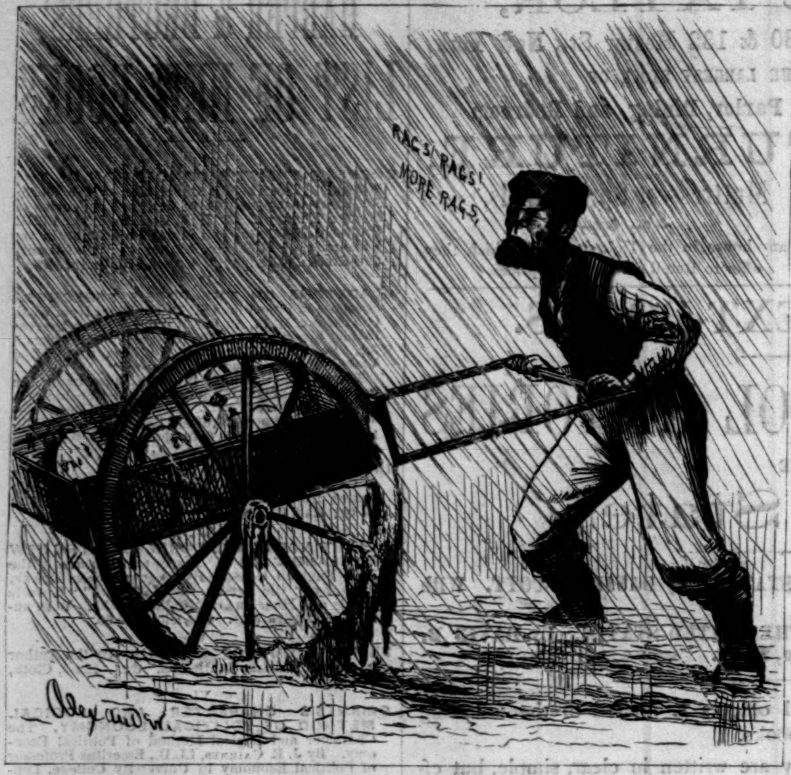
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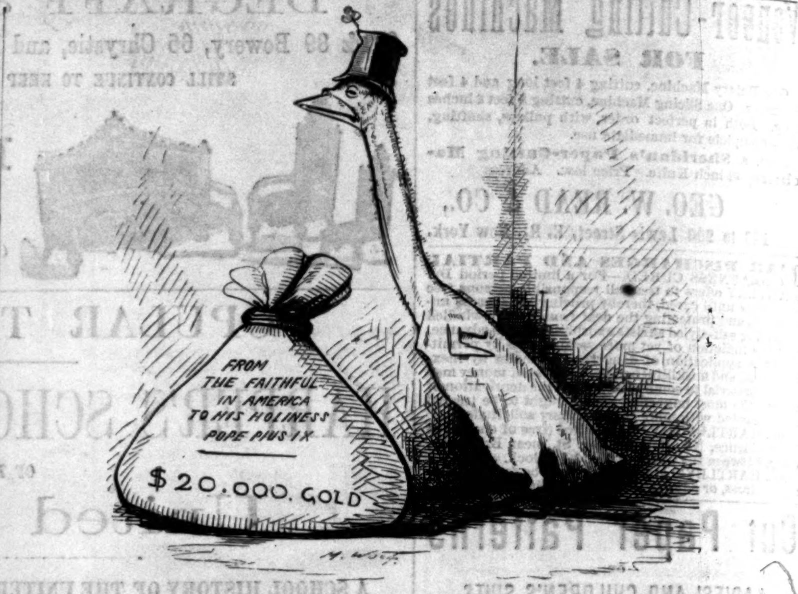
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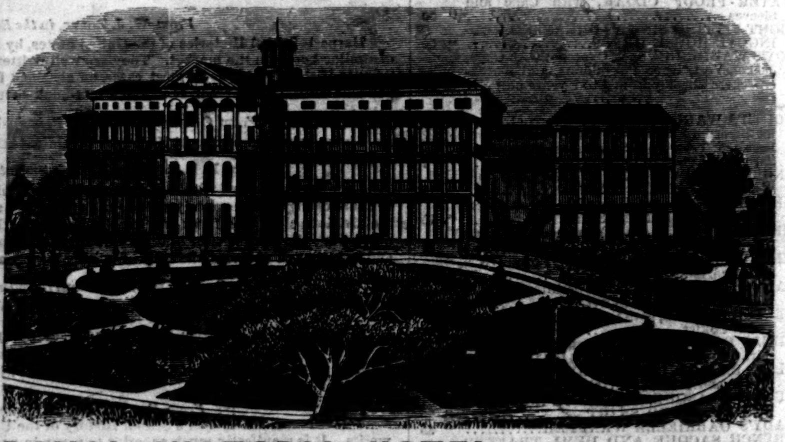

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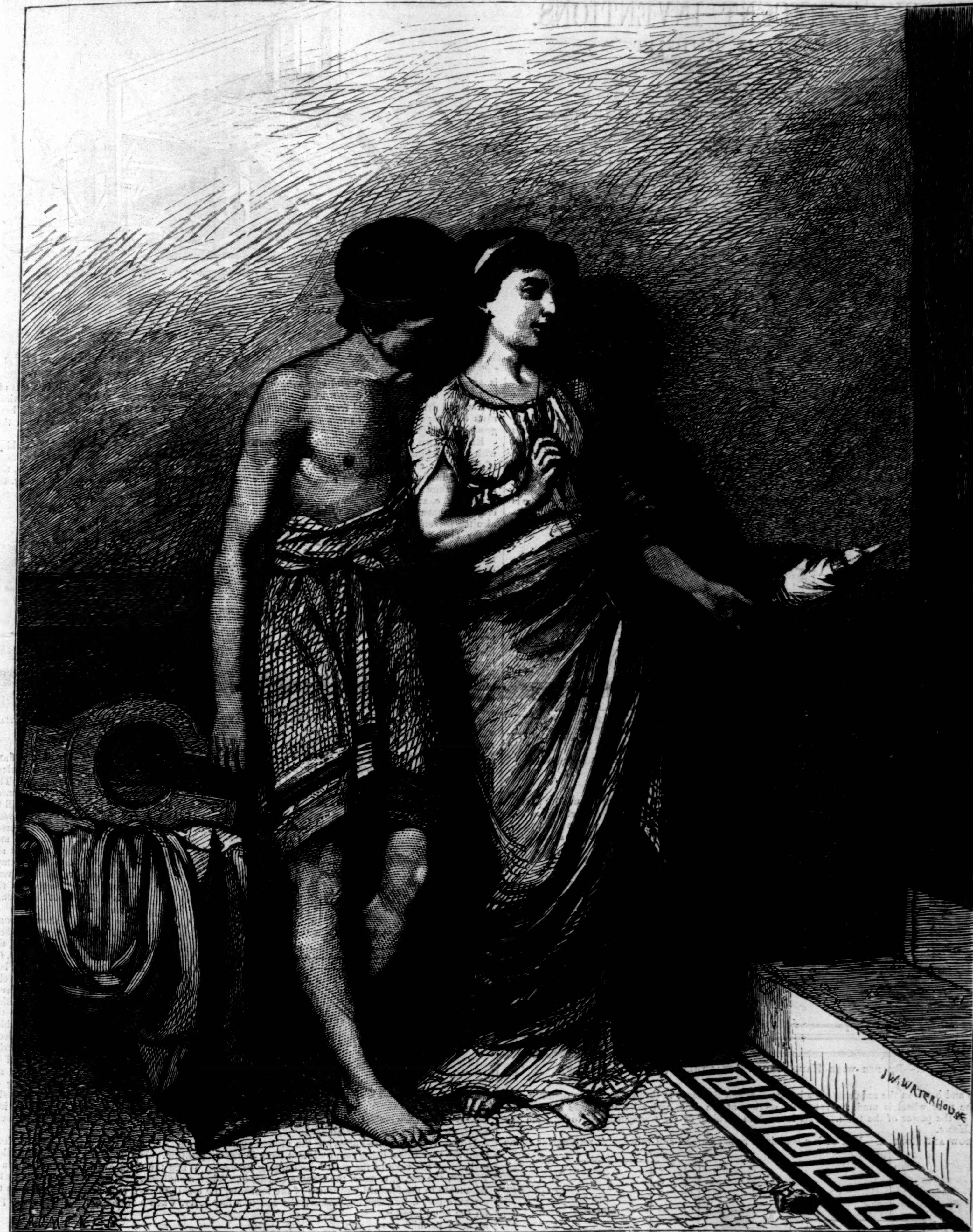

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A CATCH.

Sung by the Mock Duke in the Tragi-Comedy of "Love's Renegade."

Was ever yet a man,
Since this old world began,
That looked upon a woman bewitched not of her eyes?
Mating or separating,
Or loving her or hating,
In all his commerce with her the fool was never wise.

Heigho! it can not be,
For, seeing she is she,
She has him at advantage in body and in mind:
Pursuing or undoing,
She still compels his wooing,
And therefore is it, ladies, that Love is painted blind!

R. H. Stoddard.

SHARK-FISHING.

Two kinds of shark are found in the Northern ice seas—*Scymnus borealis*, the Greenland shark, and *Selache maxima*, or basking-shark. It is stated that these sharks specially frequent places where sea-currents meet, and, contrary to the assertions of many naturalists, assemble in shoals, so that boats engaged in the fishery are often surrounded by a hundred or more of these sea-hyenas greedy for prey. The boats employed for fishing in deep water are from twenty to thirty tons burden, and carry five or six men, who obtain from one to two hundred kilograms of oil from a single fish. Forty years ago one Paschin received a subvention from the Russian government to pursue this fishery, which went on slowly till 1851, when a Norwegian emigrant, Sul, took to the business. In the autumn of that year he began his shark hunt in Tereberskya Bay, throwing into the water kitchen-waste and excrement. This attracted a thousand sharks, and many were caught with hooks baited with sea-calves' flesh, and dispatched with harpoons. Sul was prosperous for some time, but at last he was robbed and his tackle sunk. His example, however, excited the people of Kola to take up the occupation. The Russians fish near the coast with small boats, which can scarcely hold four men. Anchoring at a certain distance from the land, they sink a vessel pierced with holes, containing oil, tallow, or other fat, which the sea-currents distribute in the neighborhood. This causes the sharks to assemble, and they are caught with baited hooks attached to iron chains, as they could instantly bite through the strongest rope. Three of the men watch an opportunity of pulling the fish toward the boat, and the fourth stands ready with a wooden hammer weighing twenty pounds to strike with all his force the moment the head appears. The fish is then cut open by means of a knife with a very long handle, the oil taken, and its swimming bladder inflated by a long pipe. It is then cast adrift to float. If allowed to sink, the men say, the other sharks would eat it and not care for the other bait. The long handle of the knife is to secure the safety of the operator's hands from a bite by other sharks that keep swimming round the boat. Sometimes the sharks surround a boat so thickly that it can not escape, and the crew fall victims to their intended prey. It is dangerous to attack, as, from its speed and strength, it is apt to pull a boat under water or overturn it. It has been known to drag a vessel of seventy tons against a fresh gale, and requires often twenty-four hours to fatigue and kill it.

REVIEW OF RECENT INVENTIONS.

By EDWARD H. KNIGHT.

[Third Article.]

ONCE upon a time a farmer grew tired of bowing his back, reaching the sickle into the standing grain, gathering the gavel with his left hand, and throwing it upon the ground in piles to make sheaves. This had happened again and again—oh, so often for many thousands of years; but the time came at last when one more ingenious than the rest placed some fingers on the snath of his scythe, and thus made the grain cradle. This probably originated in Flanders; thirty years since it was a common tool in Normandy. The American grain cradle, however, is a much superior implement, and held its sway for many years. It was a great boon to the straight-backed men. Relief from the swinging of the cradle came with the Hussey and M'Cormick reapers, followed by others much superior to either as they existed in the hour of their triumph in the English "World's Fair" of 1851.

So, of other husbandry tools, the improvements of the last twenty-five years have reformed the methods of farming.

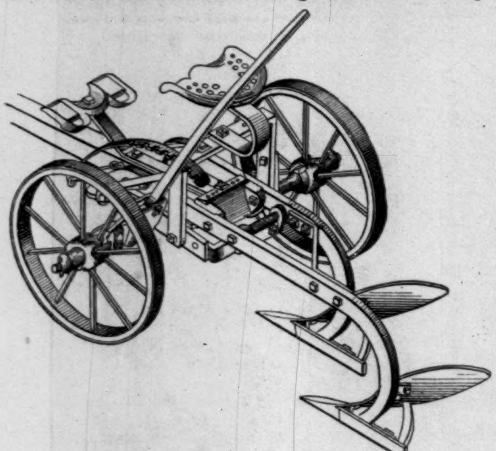

Fig. 63.—GANG PLOW.

PLOW.—The gang plow, of which an example is given in Fig. 63, has a number of plows connected to a single frame so as to be managed by one driver. The plow may be drawn by two, three, or four horses, according to the character of the land or the depth of the plowing.

The machine admits of all the usual adjustments of a plow for *depth* and for *land*. The tongue is pivoted to the forward end of the plow beams so as to have a free vertical movement, a lateral adjustment according to the number of draught animals, and an angular adjustment for width of land. The lever and the plow beam are attached to one section of the axle, and the ratchet bar to the other section; the position of the lever in the ratchet bar determines the depths of the plows, and when the lever is in a notch it serves as a lock to secure a rigid connection between the sections of the axle and between the axle and plow beams. When the lever is thrown a certain distance forward, the near wheel is made to rotate its section of the axle, and raise the plows clear of the ground by the power of the team. This is used in turning or for transportation to or from the field.—*Moore.*

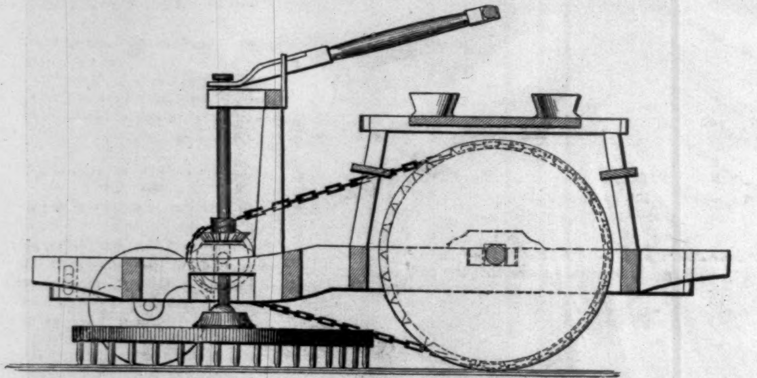

Fig. 64.—ROTARY HARROW AND ROLLER.

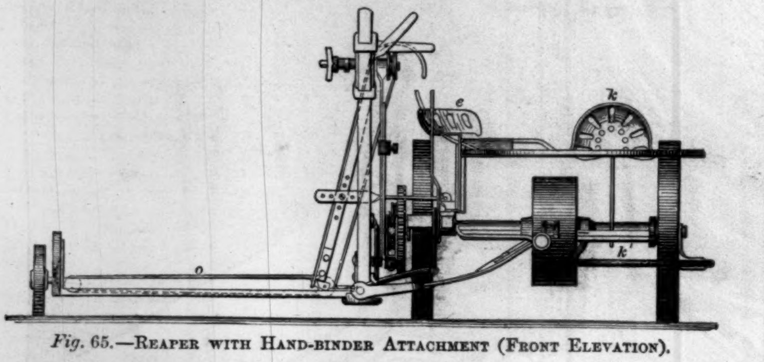

Fig. 65.—REAPER WITH HAND-BINDER ATTACHMENT (FRONT ELEVATION).

HARROW AND ROLLER.—Fig. 64 is a combined rotary harrow and roller. A rectangular frame is supported by a land-roller and two supporting wheels. The frame is provided with two sets of hounds, so that it can be drawn in either direction. The rotary harrows are fixed upon vertical shafts, and driven by a band from the roller and gear wheels. The vertical adjustment of the harrows by means of a lever throws them out of gear, and at the same time raises them from the ground.—*Belly.*

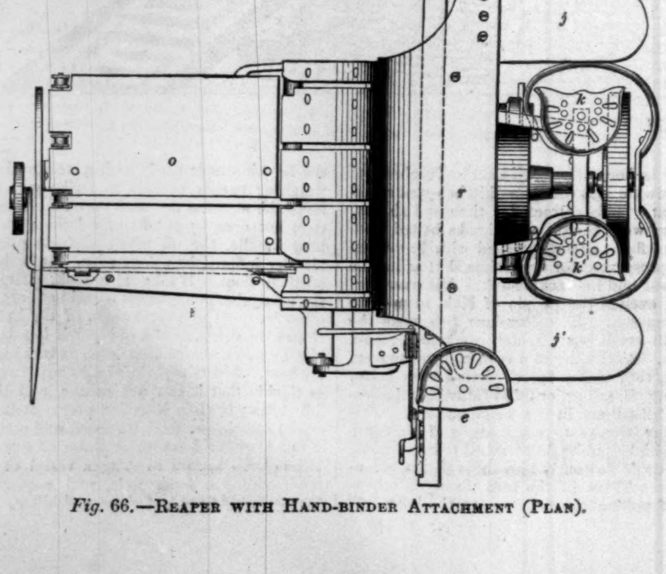

Fig. 66.—REAPER WITH HAND-BINDER ATTACHMENT (PLAN).

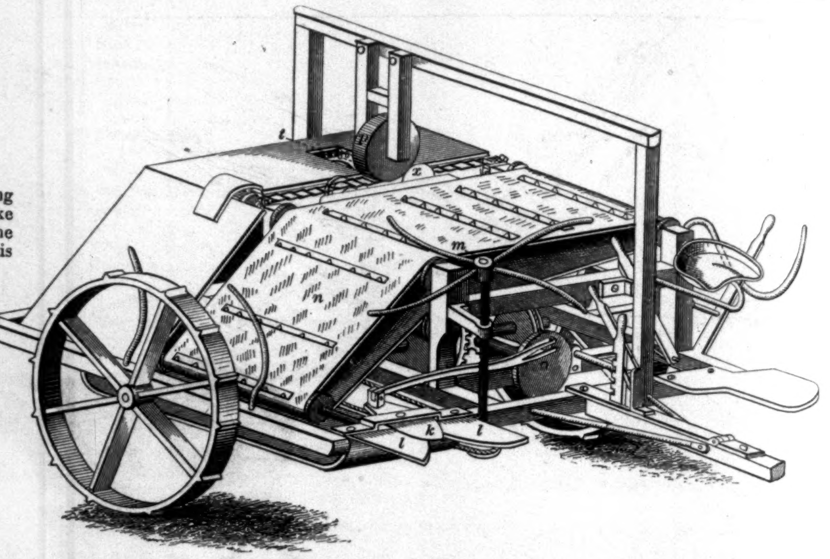

Fig. 67.—BROOM-CORN HARVESTER AND THRESHER (PERSPECTIVE VIEW).

REAPER AND BINDER.—Figs. 65 and 66 are views of a two-wheeled hinged-bar reaping-machine with a hand-binding attachment. Fig. 65 is a front elevation, showing the general arrangement of the parts: the main frame and driving apparatus, the horizontal and ascending grain belts, the cradle, *r*, into which the grain falls, the driver's seat, *e*, and one of the binder's seats, *k*. Fig. 66 is a plan showing the grain belt, *o*, and the cradle, *r*, more fully, also the driver's seat, *e*, the binders' seats, *k k*, and the binding tables, *j j*. The motion of the machine is continuous, and grain is continually falling into the cradle, *r*; the binders take it "*sheaf about*," each catching his sheaf from the table alternately with his partner, and turning to his own table to bind it, then pitching it over into the stubble.—*Seiberling.*

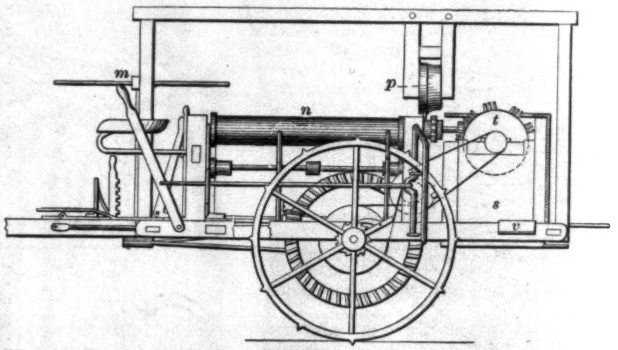

Fig. 68.—BROOM CORN HARVESTER (OFF-SIDE ELEVATION AND PARTIAL SECTION).

BROOM-CORN HARVESTER.—Harvesting machines are not confined to grass and small grain, but are made for cutting corn, sorghum, broom-corn, hemp, flax, beans, and also for picking cotton in the field. While the machine for cutting wheat, oats, barley, and rye has met with full acceptance, and is now indispensable, it is not yet so with the others. The problem is a little complicated with corn, inasmuch as a machine can only cut one row at once, unless the rows be planted very accurately. A man cuts one row, scarcely pausing at each hill to deliver his one "swashing blow," which cuts all the stalks in the hill, and the rate of machine-work does not bear the proportion to that of hand-work that it does in the case of wheat, where the horses walk along at a brisk pace, and the machine cuts a swath six feet wide. With beans, hemp, and flax the machine is very differently constructed, as the crop is pulled out of the ground, and not cut off.

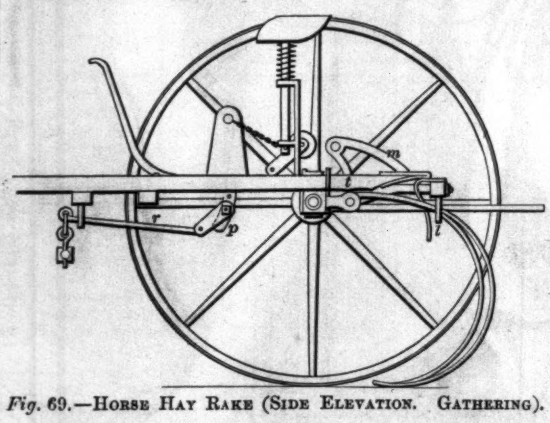

Fig. 69.—HORSE HAY RAKE (SIDE ELEVATION. GATHERING).

Figs. 67 and 68 show a broom-corn harvester and thresher. As the machine advances, the stalks pass between the jaws, *l l*, are cut by the knife, *k*, and laid over by the horizontally revolving reel on to the endless apron, *n*. Passing beneath the roller, *p*, the tops are exposed to the action of a ripple-wheel, *t*, which strips off the seed; this collects in the box, *s*. After the stripping, the tops are cut off by the revolving knife, *x*, and are bound by a man standing on the platform, *v*. The stalks fall from the carrier, *n*, into hooks, where they collect until sufficient to form a shock, which is tied and tipped off, butt downward, on to the ground.—*Hinton.*

HORSE HAY RAKE.—Following the mower comes the rake. This is shown in Fig. 69 in elevation, the rear wheel being removed, and teeth in raking position. Fig. 70 is a longitudinal section, and shows the rake in the act of discharging its load. When the teeth are at work, as shown in Fig. 69, the bar, *t*, rests on the transverse bar, *l*. When a sufficient load has been collected by the rake teeth in the forward movement of the machine, the locking bar, *t*, may be disengaged from the pressure bar, *l*, by thrusting forward the end of a foot lever, when a slight touch or rearward pull on the hand lever, *p*, at once permits the draught of the animal to draw upon the rod, *r*, and pull down the chain which actuates the bell crank, *m*, to which the bar, *l*, and the teeth are connected.—*Wilson.*

HAY LOADER.—The hay being raked into windrows, next comes the loading. How many of our readers have not pitched hay? It is perhaps the pleasantest very hard work on the farm. All things conspire to render it pleasant. It is a fine day, or one would not be hauling hay out of the field. The smell

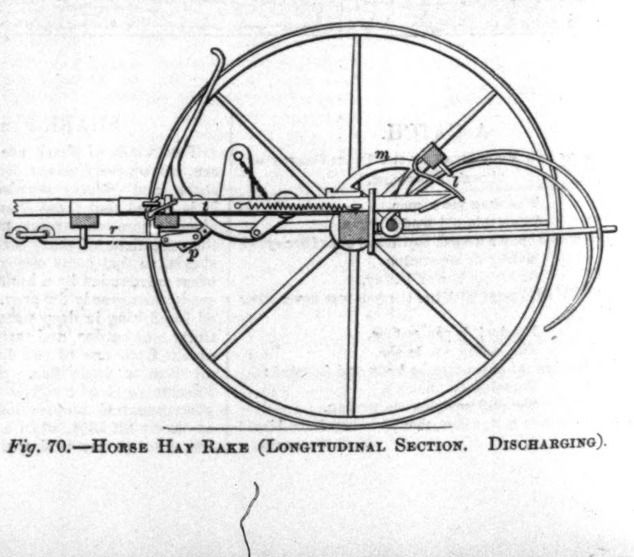

Fig. 70.—HORSE HAY RAKE (LONGITUDINAL SECTION. DISCHARGING).

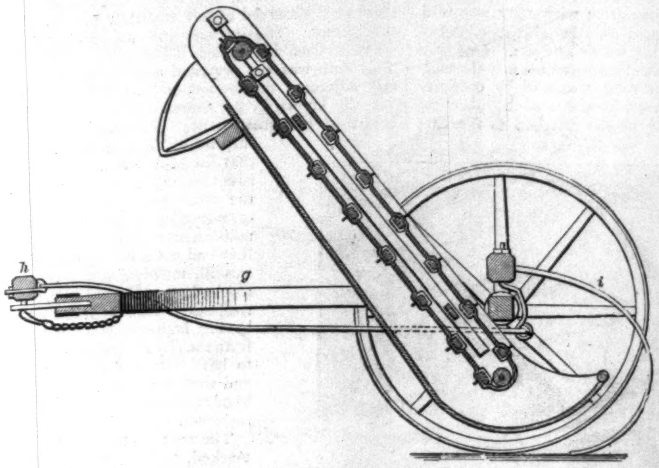

Fig. 71.—Hay Loader.

of it is grateful, and the beautiful freshly shorn stubble makes such a pleasant elastic carpet. It is between wheat harvest and corn cutting, and the quails are getting large enough to promise sport about a month hence. It is about time to take the hogs off the clover and begin to feed them, perhaps on old corn, perhaps on soft corn jerked off the stalks. It is the time of abundance: the wheat saved, the oats ready to cut or lying in the swath mayhap; the corn hides the man and horse, and is "laid by," as we say.

But rhapsodies load no hay. Let us save the trouble of raking it into windrows, and hitch on behind the wagon the loader (Fig. 71): *h* shows the wagon axle, and the rest of the wagon must be imagined. A clevis on the end of the bar, *g*, is passed over a bolt beneath the axle, and, the attachment being made, the loader trails along behind the wagon; the teeth, *i*, of the rake catch the hay as it lies spread upon the ground, the endless chain with toothed slats elevates it and drops it into the wagon.—*Cozad.*

So far, good; but if it be hard work to pitch hay on to a wagon, it is harder still to pitch it off; and then it is much hotter and less breezy in the driveway of the barn than in the open field.

Horse Hay Fork.—In this emergency we have the horse hay fork (Fig. 72). Suspended from a block near the ridge of the barn is a rope with a heavy fork attached. The rope passes through another block on the floor, and thence to the singletree of the horse. The fork in the position shown in the upper figure grasps a heavy bunch of hay, and when the horse moves, the bunch is lifted and swung to a position above the place where it is to be dropped. The tripping rope is then pulled, the catches are sprung apart, letting go the arrow-headed catch, when the cross-bar of the tines falls, and the fork assumes the position shown in the lower figure. The fork is then swung down, and the work repeated.—*Cowen.*

This is an example of one of the four principal types of horse hay fork. It is the *double claw.* The others are the *fork with tilting head*, the *harpoon*, and the *screw.*

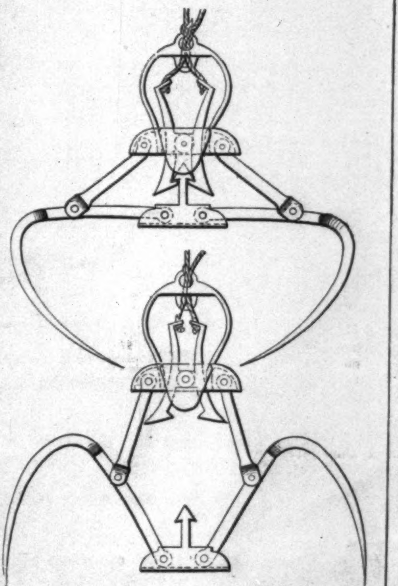

Fig. 72.—Horse Hay Fork (Closed—Lifting. Open—Discharging).

Paving.—Slushing and saturating the cement surface with hot bitumen or tar by absorption, after the hydraulic cement is laid or set.—*Hubbell.*

Fuel.—Dried condensed peat, covered with an outer coating of rosin and bees-wax.—*Tisdale.*

A block with a series of draught flues, and saturated with an inflammable material.

Vegetable Felt.—The unpulped seed and down of *typha* are incorporated with pulped vegetable fibre to form felt.—*Sweeney and Beach.*

India Rubber Belting.—Machinery for making combined canvas and rubber belting: a folding mechanism which folds the canvas into two or more thicknesses, a rubber-applying mechanism which envelops the folded canvas in a sheet of rubber, and pressure rolls which unite and consolidate said canvas and rubber.—*Mayall.*

Stove Polish.—Graphite, benzine, asphaltum, gasoline, and liquor of iron.—*Yates.*

Graphite, vinegar, sugar, dextrine, oil of sassafras, and water.—*Wilson.*

Dairy and Ice-House.—Fig. 73 shows a combination of an ice-house and dairy. The ice-house has double walls and a ventilator. The dairy is cooled by circulating currents of cold water from the ice-house in passage, *a b g.* Valves, *e f*, interrupt the current, and prevent air from passing between the ice-house and dairy. A system of pipes ventilates the dairy.—*Wilkinson.*

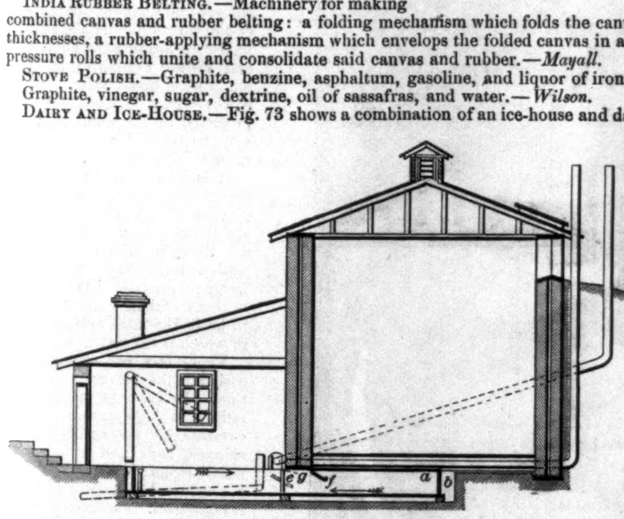

Fig. 73.—Ice-House and Dairy.

Steam Cooking Apparatus.—Fig. 74 is a steam cooking utensil, *f*, having a steam-generating pot to be placed over the fire, and containing a series of perforated dishes loosely fitting, and supported upon each other by legs, and intended to contain various kinds of food.—*Welch.*

Cradle.—Fig. 75 is a child's cradle with a semi-cylindrical cover of wire-gauze on a frame pivoted to the head, *a*, and foot of the cradle, and shutting down upon the bar, *d.*—*Weant.*

Hat-making.—Fig. 76 is a hat-finishing machine. During the finishing operations of a hat body it is stretched upon a block, which sustains it during all the finishing manipulations of its surface. It must be adjustable at all angles from a horizontal to a vertical plane, in order that the workman may readily operate upon all its angles and surfaces. This stand has mechanical means for supporting the hat body fixedly in any position, while at the same time its rotary motion is not impeded, thus leaving both hands of the operative free, and supporting the hat body while the wire, brush, or other device is applied, during the curling of the brim, stretching and adjusting the brim cloth, etc.—*Eickemeyer.*

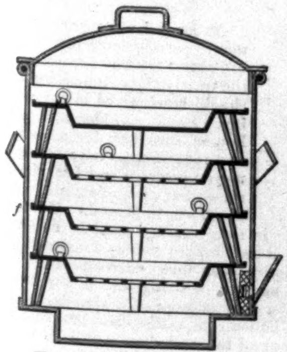

Fig. 74.—Steam Cooking Apparatus.

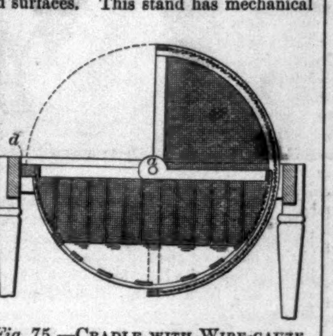

Fig. 75.—Cradle with Wire-gauze Cover.

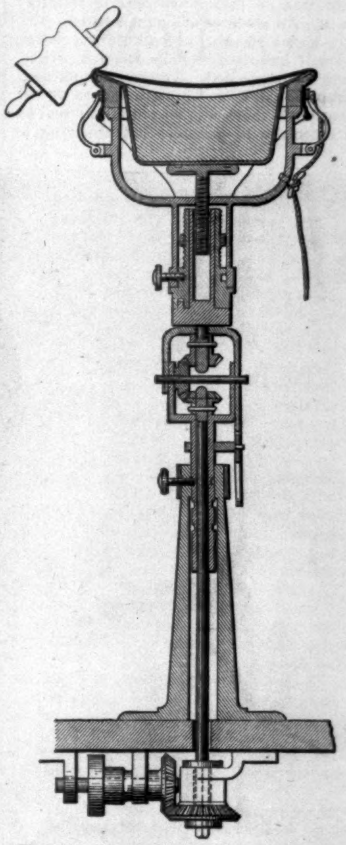

Fig. 76.—Hat-finishing Machine.

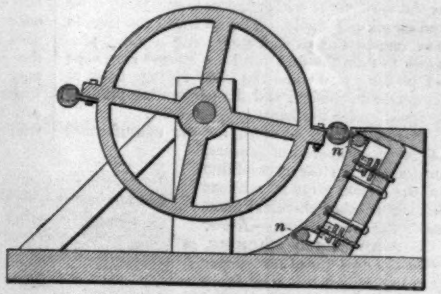

Fig. 77.—Leather-pebbling Machine.

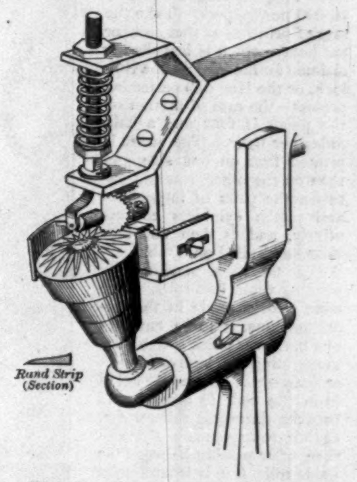

Fig. 78.—Rand-making Machine.

Leather-pebbling Machine (Fig. 77).—A revolving wheel, having on its periphery small rollers having their surfaces indented with figures or wavy lines, which produce upon the leather the checkered lines known as *pebbling.* The pebbling rollers press against a curved yielding table, *n n.*—*O'Brien.*

Leather.—Liming solution: lime, brimstone, sal-ammoniac, prussiate potassa, water. Bating solution: iron filings, brimstone, water. Tanning solution: terra japonica, sumach, alum, tartaric acid. Whitening solution: tartaric acid, muriatic acid, cream of tartar, sulphur, water.—*Timmerholm.*

Unhairing Compound.—The combination of a lye from wood ashes or potash and lime which has been treated by the gas generated by sulphuric acid, sulphuret of iron, and water.—*Mower.*

Blacking.—A water-proof blacking made of gum-shellac, methylic alcohol, gum-camphor, lampblack, sweet-oil, mutton tallow, turpentine, and oil of mirbane.—*Clark.*

Shoe-making.—The *rand* of a shoe heel is a strip having one thin edge and bent into a horseshoe shape to form the rounded socket for the heel of the person, and rests upon the flat *lifts* of the heel of the shoe. In Fig. 78 the rand is placed upon the corrugated face of a disk, with its thick or outer edge bearing against a circular guide, and is pressed down upon the disk by a toothed feed wheel supported upon the end of a driving shaft, the disk rotating with the movement of the runner.—*Bullock.*

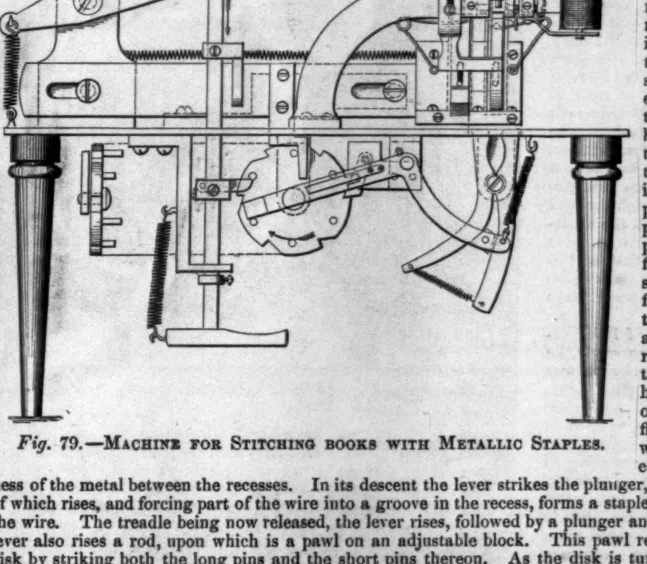

Fig. 79.—Machine for Stitching books with Metallic Staples.

Book Stitching.—Fig. 79 is a machine for stitching books with metallic staples. The sheets to be stitched are placed on the table under the head. Depressing the treadle brings the lever down with its head on the plunger, which has points whereby the paper is perforated for reception of the staples. Wire is fed from a spool through a hole in an arm across a recess, thence through another hole across a second recess, and finally into a well, which has a depth equal to the thickness of the metal between the recesses. In its descent the lever strikes the plunger, the opposite end of which rises, and forcing part of the wire into a groove in the recess, forms a staple as the knife cuts the wire. The treadle being now released, the lever rises, followed by a plunger and lever; with the lever also rises a rod, upon which is a pawl on an adjustable block. This pawl revolves a ratchet disk by striking both the long pins and the short pins thereon. As the disk is turned by the pawl striking a long pin, another long pin in advance strikes a hanger arm fixed to a slide bar, and slides the bar forward, and with it the head in which are the perforating plunger and the staple-inserting plunger, so that the latter is now brought directly under the hammer, while still another long pin behind raises the rear arm of the lever to its highest stroke, holds it there (as the pawl prevents the ratchet disk from turning back), and thus depressing a wedge, the clinching pliers are opened by a spring. As the lever is released the finished staple is pushed out of the groove by the spring pin; it drops from the end of the lever upon the inclined guide bar, and straddling this, slides down to the plate, where it now awaits the down stroke of the inserting plunger. The treadle is now again depressed; the hammer, striking the plunger, drives the staple; the lever, being depressed, forms another, and a cam-dog, fixed to an adjustable block on the rod, striking the rear arm of the lever throws it off the pin, and the front arm being forcibly thrown up

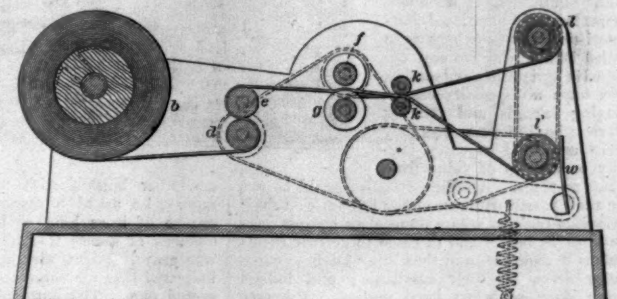

Fig. 80.—Machine for Winding Paper.